

Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

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JANUARY, 1941

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Let us offer gold to our newborn Lord, as confessing that He reigns over all; incense, as believing that He who appeared in time was God before all time; myrrh, as believing that He who cannot suffer in His Godhead, was yet mortal in our flesh.

Gregory the Great in the office of Epiphany.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings



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Compulsory Military Service

The army comes of age

By CHARLES CALLAN TANSILL

Condensed from *Thought**

With the U. S. embarking upon a program of compulsory military service for the first time in its history, it is pertinent for Americans to look into the historical background of this important system of training. Up to 1914, the American government had clung to the belief that the best design for international living in the Western Hemisphere was one which excluded all thoughts of recurring wars to which the U. S. would necessarily be a party. Beginning with the Wilson administration, a new viewpoint came into prominence: America is a part of the world order and cannot evade its responsibilities which may well be of a military type. President Roosevelt is an ardent apostle of this Wilson gospel, and the U. S. is now ready to abandon its age-old doctrine of isolation.

With America forming a part of the European pattern of war, we shall

become enmeshed in the martial threads that long have been woven into that somber tapestry. Europe has been the scene of numberless conflicts, and many persons are convinced that the catalogue of wars will be as long as the Homeric catalogue of ships. Apparently, this compilation is only in its first stages.

According to some eminent authorities, war is inevitable. Man is prone to fight either as an individual, or as a member of a warring social group. According to them, this tendency is inherited: "The individual has a fighting instinct; he considers fighting for his opinion manly and honorable. War is action, and appeals to the natural instinct; peace is inaction. Nations, being groups of individuals, show the same characteristics as individuals, and often in a more marked degree. Differences between nations are inevitable."

*Fordham University, New York City. December, 1940.

To such persons war appears as a biological necessity, and the strife between individuals and nations is merely a phase of the universal struggle for existence. As interpreted by them, the Darwinian theories afford a scientific basis for their assertions. The case was well presented by J. Novicow, an eminent Russian sociologist, as follows: "Darwin's genius produced a profound revolution in all the sciences. Facts observed for centuries over and over again were for the first time interpreted in a scientific way. We saw that each tree, each blade of grass fights with its neighbor for the nourishing elements of the earth and the sun's light. We realized that each insect, each animal can live only by destroying other living beings. The idea of struggle was soon transferred from biologic phenomena to all others. We saw that struggle was the universal law of nature."

With reference to the inheritance of this fighting instinct, Prof. James Harvey Robinson observed: "Whatever we think of war, I do not see how we can possibly get away from the fundamental historical fact that we are all descended from a long line of savage ancestors who fought well and liked to fight. Modern nations are sprung from groups which developed those social characteristics of cooperation and loyalty which made for successful attack and defense; for this was as essential to their survival and the propagation of their kind as getting enough to eat."

Some sociologists have regarded war as the expression of man's inherited instincts of aggression. In this connection Prof. Lester F. Ward has remarked: "Whenever and wherever man's history has been known, he has always been found at war with his own kind, and every page that has been recorded testifies to the continued intensity of his passions and the brutality of his deeds. While war must be admitted to be a terrible blight upon civilization, it is vain to talk of abolishing it so long as its spirit rankles in the human breast. The principle of non-combativeness, which may succeed in small wandering sects, would be the degradation and extinction of nationalities."

The French army dates from the middle of the 15th century, at which time Charles VII formed, from mercenaries who had served him in the Hundred Years' War, the *compagnies d'ordonnance*, and thus laid the foundation of a national standing army. In Spain, with the Italian wars of the 16th century, came the development of the regular army. The oldest regiments of the present Spanish army, claiming descent from the *tercios*, date from 1535. During the 16th century, in both France and Spain, it became regular to organize the army with the idea of placing it entirely at the disposal of its own sovereign.

While in Spain a "relatively high" effective peace strength was maintained; yet in most other countries a few per-

sonal guards, small garrisons, and sometimes a small regular army to serve as a nucleus constituted the only permanent forces kept under arms by sovereigns. In France even as late as 1660, the royal guards, some squadrons of *gendarmerie*, and certain regiments of infantry termed *les vieux* comprised the only regular troops. But the accession of Louis XIV to the French throne led to important reforms in French military organization.

Other powers rapidly followed the lead of France, for the defects of enlisted troops had now become very clear, and the possession of an army always ready for war was an obvious advantage in dynastic politics.

These standing armies were composed of professional soldiers who had little contact with civil life, whose conduct in peace and war was rigidly regulated, and whose sole function was to serve as instruments for the furthering of the ambitions and interests of their sovereigns.

Up to the outbreak of the French Revolution, European armies, for some 400 years, had been maintained on a professional basis, and large numbers of mercenaries had been included in the military organizations of most nations. The stirring events in France subsequent to 1789 produced a striking departure from the old established order of things military, and Europe soon witnessed what may be termed "the nation in arms." According to the

French constitution of Sept. 3, 1791, the public force of the republic was "composed of the army and the navy, of the troops especially intended for internal service, and subsidiarily of the active citizens and their children, in condition to bear arms, registered upon the roll of the national guard." These national guards were to "form neither a military body nor an institution within the state; they are the citizens themselves summoned to service in the public force."

In principle, therefore, every citizen was a soldier, albeit not a trained one. It was this indefinite state of affairs that led Dubois Crancé, during the debates of December, 1789, to insist upon universal training and service. "It is necessary," he declared, "to establish a truly national conscription, which should include everyone from the second man in the empire in rank down to the last active citizen."

The Duc de Liancourt, Mirabeau and others resisted this plea for national conscription as opposed to the principles of liberty and of the rights of man, and the Assembly voted in favor of voluntary enlistment for the regular army. But voluntary enlistment was not as successful as had been anticipated; therefore, on July 8, and on July 11, 1792, the Assembly decreed that every able-bodied man should consider himself liable for active service, but left the execution of military measures to the communes and districts. The re-

sults of this method were distinctly disappointing, so on Feb. 24, 1793, the Convention issued a call for 300,000 new troops between the ages of 18 and 40. Quotas were assigned to each department and commune, but when it appeared that these requisitions would not be complied with, recourse was had to compulsion, all unmarried national guards between the ages of 18 and 40 being held liable. Thereupon thousands fled from their homes and Vendée rose in revolt.

Faced with the double peril of foreign invasion and of civil war, the Convention, on Aug. 23, 1793, issued a new decree with a more limited application. The following excerpts clearly indicate its general tenor:

1. From this moment until that in which the enemy shall have been driven from the soil of the Republic of France, all Frenchmen are in permanent requisition for the service of the armies. The young men shall go to battle; the married men shall forge arms and transport provisions.

8. The levy shall be general. The unmarried citizens and widowers without children, from 18 to 25 years, shall march first.

That decree of Aug. 23, the most remarkable event recorded in the history of armies, by limiting the liability to service to all able-bodied men between 18 and 25 years, imposed compulsory military service upon a class who were neither sufficiently numerous, nor suf-

ficiently important politically, to resist coercion. Its operation, therefore, was satisfactory, and by Jan. 1, 1794, the general strength of the French army had remounted to 770,932 men.

As a result of the French system of conscription, the armies of Napoleon were more rapidly and efficiently mobilized than those of his opponents. This fact was soon recognized, and each in turn was compelled to follow the French example. Prussia, however, alone pursued the idea to its logical conclusion. After the crushing defeats at Jena and other places, it was apparent to certain farseeing German leaders that the regeneration of Prussia could be effected only through wide-reaching reforms. To Baron von Stein belongs the chief credit for the important administrative and social reforms of 1807-1808; but the important military reforms introduced into the Prussian army augured well for the to a great extent the work of a talented Hanoverian, General Scharnhorst, who in 1801 had entered the Prussian service.

It was Scharnhorst's idea to make every able-bodied citizen an active defender of the state through a system of universal military service. In 1808, 1809 and 1811, efforts were made to persuade the Prussian king to formally adopt this measure, but the time was not yet ripe for such a striking innovation. The great uprising of 1813, however, swept away the rem-

nants of the opposition which had hampered Scharnhorst in carrying through his plan for universal military service. He was able to place in the field an army as national as the earlier revolutionary armies of France. It proved its worth against the conscript force with which Napoleon had replaced the earlier levies of the Revolution.

The military triumphs of this new Prussian army augured well for the continuance of the system that had produced it. On June 3, 1814, Gen. Hermann von Boyen was appointed minister of war for Prussia, and in a memoir prepared by him and by General Grolman in August, 1814, the essential features of the new military organization were presented. After careful consideration, this plan was accepted by Frederick William III, and the law for universal military service was proclaimed Sept. 3, 1814. Guy Stanton Ford asks if it is too much for the historian looking back over the century to say that it is the most important statute of the 19th century, and that the century began on Sept. 3, 1814.

Under the new regime, wars were no longer carried on by professional soldiers or by volunteer armies hastily mobilized and imperfectly trained; in the latter decades of the 19th century the armies of the principal continental powers were national armies in which nearly the whole male population within certain years was compelled to serve.

In every important country there have been many influential persons who have insistently maintained that large armaments are the surest means of preserving international peace.

There was never in the history of the U. S. a more fervent advocate of preparedness than the assistant secretary of war, Theodore Roosevelt. In an address before the Naval War College in June, 1897, he remarked: "We must make up our minds once for all to the fact that it is too late to make ready for war when the fight is once begun. There must be adequate preparation for conflict, if conflict is not to mean disaster. Furthermore, this preparation must take the shape of an efficient fighting navy. In public as in private life, a bold front tends to insure peace and not strife. If we possess a formidable navy, small is the chance, indeed, that we shall ever be dragged into a war to uphold the Monroe Doctrine. If we do not possess such a navy, war may be forced on us at any time. In all our history there has never been a time when preparedness for war was any menace to peace. On the contrary, again and again we have owed peace to the fact that we were prepared for war."

To John Ruskin, war appeared as the mother of arts and of national honor: a stern mother, perhaps, but one whose methods were amply justified in the offspring. Thus: "All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded

on war. There is no great art possible to a nation, but that which is based on battle. All great nations learned their truth of word and strength of thought in war; they were nourished in war and wasted by peace; taught by war and deceived by peace; trained by war and betrayed by peace."

Ruskin's opinions were trenchantly re-echoed by the eminent German historian, Heinrich von Treitschke. To him it was evident that "no one who does not recognize the continued action of the past upon the present can ever understand the nature and necessity of war. Again and again it has been proved that it is war which turns a people into a nation, and that only great deeds, wrought in common, can forge the indissoluble links which bind them together. Most undoubtedly war is the one remedy for an ailing nation."

Treitschke was not alone in his belief that war was a necessary national corrective; that idea was not confined to the Teutonic mind. The British military critic, Col. F. N. Maude, was frankly skeptical of the benefits of continued peace. Those who succeed in the everyday struggle for existence,

those fortunate ones who become the acknowledged masters of "big business," are not always the "fittest" from a broader viewpoint. "And unless, as I believe, war is the divinely appointed means by which the environment may be readjusted until ethically 'fittest' and 'best' become synonymous, the outlook for the human race is too pitiable for words."

This opinion was shared by an important American naval officer, Rear Admiral S. B. Luce. It was evident to Luce that the "cankers of a calm world and long peace" tend to "atrophy the active forces, and luxury becomes more destructive than the sword. But for war, the civilization we now enjoy would have been impossible. The swath cut by the reaper's sickle through fields of ripened grain is not more marked than the way cut by the sword for the path of human progress."

When America enters the present conflict in Europe, as she will inevitably do if the plans of the Roosevelt administration are carried out, let us hope that some small grains of comfort may be extracted from these assurances of Ruskin, Treitschke, Maude and Luce.



Notwithstanding the too-prevalent propaganda from all sides, the hope and prayer of the American people today is that we shall be spared the horrors of war. They have taken for granted that the authorities at Washington meant what they said when they promised to keep us out of war.

William Cardinal O'Connell quoted by the AP (8 Dec. '40).

A Short History of Snobbery

Posted for Emily

By AODH DE BLACAM

Condensed from the *Irish Monthly**

It is easier to recognize the snob than to describe him. Why did Thackeray part from the man who ate peas from the blade of his knife instead of spearing them with his fork like Luke Delmege? It was not that the novelist was so delicate as to shudder at the approach of cold steel to his companion's face; it was simply that the offender revealed by his irregular act his ignorance of the book of rules, *How to Behave in Good Society*, and it never would do for a man of standing to be seen dining with such a person. The snob is afraid, not of doing wrong, but of being found out. Snobbery is human respect in a petty form which has been in vogue since natural good manners were forgotten.

The stir made by Thackeray's book on snobs and the general adoption of his word show that the world in his day had become, in modern parlance, *snob-conscious*. Mankind had been growing snobbish and suddenly awoke to its condition. When did the process begin? When did the snob make his first appearance, although not by name? It was Oliver Goldsmith, a century earlier than Thackeray, who first discovered, recognized and portrayed the snob, in unmistakable lines. Jack Lofy in *The Good-Natur'd Man* was the

snob on the stage, while Beau Tibbs, described in Goldsmith's essays, was another snob plainly drawn from the same model. The Revolution of 1688 had filled London with the type that Goldsmith drew so vividly.

Consider Beau Tibbs, Jack Lofty, Thackeray's snobs, and similar characters that abound in the writings of later novelists, and you wonder what literature would do without this type, half comical, half contemptible. Yet behold! when we inquire for the snob in the older English literature, we seek in vain. Of Shakespeare it is said that "each change of many-colour'd life he drew"; yet in all the teeming variety of men and women in the *Plays*, there is not one snob. Pride, worldliness, and comical foppery like Osric's, Shakespeare drew, but he has no Beau Tibbs. His contemporary playwrights, such as Ben Jonson, though they drew "every man in his humor," found no snob to depict. The type had not risen in their England. The snob had not obtruded himself as yet on the social scene.

When we turn to Continental literature, again we find no snob portrayed, before quite recent times. Cervantes and the other novelists and playwrights of the Peninsula drew the varieties of

*5 Great Denmark St., Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. November, 1940.

human character with unrivaled richness and abundance. They studied humankind exhaustively. Their works are a crowded pageant, with every type from the most comical to the most tragic; yet there is no snob in the whole throng. We grant that a favorite figure among the old Spanish writers was the fine gentleman, the *hidalgo* (son of somebody) or the *escudero*, the poor squire, who went threadbare and hungry, and lived in a bare ruin, rather than accept employment of less dignity than the soldier's. These penniless gentry were common in fact as well as in fiction, and Spain suffered for their pride. Yet this type is not the snob. The *hidalgo* had old blood, tradition was in his speech and bearing, he had something not ignoble to be proud of; and his contempt for trade was due partly to a noble contempt for the ways of profiteers and usurers. Family pride in its nature is good, making for stability, *pietas* and self-respect. In the *hidalgo*, a rational pride had run to excess; but a good thing made faulty by excess is wholly different from snobbery, which is pride without reason, pride based on unrealities. The *hidalgo* was tragic, the snob absurd. The *hidalgo* hurt only himself by his delicacy; but the snob, by his selfish manners, is a torment to his neighbors, and especially to those whom fortune has placed beneath him.

Is it not a striking thing, and a lesson in spiritual history, that snobbery

should be unknown in the older fiction and drama? The snob, we deduce, could not exist in the old society. Why was that? Why was it that mean, vain and selfish men might abound, but not the petty figure who almost dominates the scene in later times? The answer is simple. In Shakespeare and Jonson's England, the habit of mind that was formed in the Catholic ages still governed men's thoughts. Medieval culture on the Continent remained unbroken till a much later date. In the Catholic age and in Catholic lands, the snob was unknown to literature, because in a Catholic society snobbery could not rise or thrive. There was a well-matured order that governed public manners as the law of gravity governs architecture. Where hierarchy was the rule, and all men grew up familiar with rank, no upstart could impose himself on his neighbors by learning some fantastic rules by heart and by mispronouncing words.

Revolutionary London, in which Oliver Goldsmith discovered Beau Tibbs and Jack Lofty and painted these prototypes of modern snobbery in immortal portraits: that new London, reared on the Penal System, was full of the *nouveau riche* and their hangers-on, the twopence and the twopence ha'penny of snobbery. Good manners were gone. They had died with that old England which Henry and Elizabeth, and after them Cromwell and William, had done violently

to death. It is a commonplace of experience that good manners distinguish Catholic communities.* In the main, the reason is spiritual; for Catholicism molds the soul in modesty, trains it in deference, and inspires it with good will toward others. There is also a lesser, though vital, cause in the very example of Catholic ritual. A high Mass, as some one said, is an object lesson in courtesy.

Catholic discipline of the person had been rejected in King Billy's new state, which was reared on usurpation, and was ruled by upstarts and their toadies. The *novi homines* knew not how to bear themselves with dignity or grace, like the noble folk who were dead, crushed to death, perhaps, like Blessed Margaret Clitheroe, for hearing holy Mass. They commanded no hereditary, habitual respect. They could not impress their inferiors with their importance by the marks of breeding, so they invented a code.

They invented etiquette, heresy's substitute for Christian politeness. Etiquette is the historic product of the Williamite revolution, designed to distinguish ascendancy from its subjects. This is proved by the absence of etiquette from Catholic societies. Travel

*See *Catholic Digest*, Dec. 1940, p. 1.

the Catholic Continental lands, and you are at home everywhere, even though the languages may be strange; for a Catholic king or a Catholic waiter treats you by the olden standards, and manners are ceremonious yet kindly, stately yet easy. There you never feel hot under the collar because you have tilted your soup plate at an angle not prescribed in *How to Behave in Good Society*. The chief author of the code of snobbery was the detestable Lord Chesterfield, the very genius of the Whig régime. This wealthy upstart allowed his lackeys to turn learning, in Dr. Samuel Johnson, from his door, but his faro tables were thronged by fawning creatures like Beau Tibbs. He wrote letters to his son, setting forth the rules for social success in the new age. These make a famous book. Wolfe Tone once flung it from him in vehement disgust on finding that it taught one how to shine as a polite blackguard and to practice corruption elegantly. That handbook of revolutionary manners was the father of the brood of works on etiquette, which teach, not how to defer to authority and to be kind to subordinates, but the right answer to "How d'you do?" and the iniquity of wearing a white tie with a short jacket.

My old editor, F. C. Burnand, said that the books which men wrote about themselves fell into two categories, autobiography and ought-not-to-be-ography.

From *Reading, Writing and Remembering* by E. V. Lucas (Harper & Brothers).

Escape

By MARIELI G. BENZIGER

Cardinal steps on the gas

Condensed from the *Magnificat**

Only those who have witnessed a general European mobilization, who have found themselves surrounded by the tramp of marching troops, the rumbling of fast-moving artillery, can fully fathom the terror that grips the hearts of women and children at such a moment. I was but a child at the outbreak of the great World War. We were spending the summer in our Swiss home. But the horror of what happened in August, 1914, is stamped indelibly on my memory.

From the distant church of Seelisberg, from the monastery at Engelberg, from our own village chapel, and from the near-by convent of Inghenbohl, came the clatter of church bells.

At our hotel foreigners scrambled frantically to catch the last trains across the border. No one knew just what had happened, for in those days there was no radio to keep us informed. But rumor of war was in the papers. The Marquis Pierre de Chambrun, a member of the Chambre des Deputes, who received from Paris a message in code, gave us an inkling of just how serious the situation was. Our haughty Prussian headwaiter tearfully embraced the French chefs, while Italian waiters kissed the German and Austrian porters adieu. Not one of those 125

men showed any desire to go to war.

In the midst of this excitement the calm presence of mind of one American woman brought assurance and hope to some 80 stranded compatriots. Overnight we had become refugees, with no available means of transportation. There was nothing else to do but sit and wait till Europe had settled down to the routine of war, before we could go back to the States.

Our family was incomplete. Though mother had been comforting others, she was greatly worried. All that summer Cardinal Farley and his retinue had rested in our home on the border of the lake of Lucerne. The American cardinal had gone to the Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes and was to meet my father in Turin. Together they were to motor to Bobbio and then return by way of Austria.

Cardinal Farley had great devotion to St. Columban. He often spoke to us of this holy Irish monk who in 610 left the Bangor Abbey in County Down with 11 followers, one being the saintly St. Gall, on his mission of evangelization. Finally, at the end of a life of sacrifice, he went to Lombardy, and at Bobbio built a monastery to which he retired and where he died.

Cardinal Farley had always wanted

*131 Laurel St., Manchester, N. H. November, 1940.

to go to Bobbio, to pray at the shrine where this Irish saint had breathed his last. But whether or not he had reached there we did not know. My mother had sent telegram after telegram to places where she thought father and his guests might have stopped. "All of Switzerland mobilized. Return immediately," they read. Then she waited and prayed.

One afternoon we gave a shout of joy. In the distance we heard the familiar silver trumpet as our car rounded the Axenstrasse and began to climb the mountain road. Something was wrong with the high-powered Lancia. There was sputtering and backfiring, and just as the car reached our gate the engine came to a stop. The chauffeur threw up his hands gesticulating, "There is not another drop of gasoline."

"Thank God we are home," said the quiet voice of Cardinal Farley as he waved to us. "We will walk to the house." The men in the car were white with dust from head to foot. As they rose from their seats we noticed that they had been literally sitting on tins of gasoline. The cardinal tapped an empty can and said, "The last drop has been used. We tried all along the road to buy more but it had all been commandeered by the army. It was a thrilling experience."

What this thrilling experience was we children might never have known had it not been for the kindness of Monsignor Hayes, then bishop elect of

New York. We naturally wanted to know what had happened but my parents were mysterious. Only after we had boarded the good ship *Santa Anna* were we to hear the inside story, the reason for secrecy being that the cardinal did not care to give publicity to an incident which might call for diplomatic apologies. He had no desire that the American press use this as headline news.

My father had met the party at Turin with his car and chauffeur. He had taken them to Bobbio, and while there they heard a rumor that war had been declared, but no one took this as reliable news. They headed for Austria, crossing the Italian frontier without the slightest difficulty, and halted at the Austrian border before entering Tyrol for the customs official to look at the pass. He was asked if he had heard about the war. He doubted if there was a war. Rumors to that effect had circulated, he said, but he had no orders to close the frontier, and certainly he would be one of the first to be notified.

It was only as they neared Cortina that they realized that the land was in the throes of mobilization. The tocsin was pealing from every steeple. The road became jammed with farmers driving their commandeered horses and carts. Every vehicle that had wheels was heading for Cortina. Men of every age and from every station in life had shouldered guns. The road was lined

with tearful women, many clinging to their husbands, and trying to care for bewildered children. It was practically impossible to make any headway, and they did not reach Cortina until late that night.

Hotel de la Post was deserted. All the men had joined their companies, and there was only one maid about. She led the men to their rooms, each carrying his own suitcase, glad to have a bed to rest in. But sleep that night was impossible. The most heart-rending scenes were enacted under their windows. Good-byes were exchanged in the square below amidst much weeping. There was general disorder, and the unending rumbling of artillery.

Mass was said at 4:45 that morning by all four Americans, and after a scanty breakfast the proprietress was asked for the bill. She wept, told them her husband and the manager were at war and she neither knew what to charge them, nor cared if they paid. Realizing that it was essential to secure sufficient gasoline to bring them to Switzerland, they began to inquire throughout the village. There was none left. Finally stopping before a forlorn little boy, who was dejectedly weeping, they asked if he knew of any place where they might buy gasoline. The tearful child looked up and sobbingly led them to the basement, where by candlelight they found a large supply of tins. He explained that everyone had gone off to war, and he alone was left

at home. They could help themselves, but he did not know what a litre of gasoline cost. He was too small to lift the cans, and so a procession formed, headed by Cardinal Farley, who, disguised in his gray duster, began to cart can after can of this vital fluid to the car. The tank was filled, and every available space inside and along the running board was stacked with surplus cans. For the rest of that journey they sat on cans, and even held them on their laps.

My father sat next to the chauffeur, holding in his hand a three-toned silver bugle which he used on mountain passes to warn postillion drivers to rein their horses to one side. He gave orders to head at full speed for the frontier of Switzerland and to stop for no one. The five men in gray clung to their seats as the car sped on. The silver trumpet echoed and re-echoed its warning. All commercial traffic had been suspended. The moving of troops, guns, supply and transport trains was under way. The chauffeur never flinched; he stepped on the gas. Louder and louder sounded the trumpet. As if by miracle, company after company of moving artillery and cavalry parted in the center, and flanked on either side by Austrian troops the speeding car with its six occupants headed towards Innsbruck. Everywhere officers saluted. The salutes were returned with military promptness by the five men in gray. Alert, erect, sat Cardinal Far-

ley. He was being taken for a general en route to the front with his staff.

Breathless and daring was this escape. No civilian really knew the extent of the fighting. Cardinal Farley had no desire to be interned, nor did he care to have international complications to untangle should there be forced confinement within fighting territory.

The five men in gray never realized how close they came to death, how near they were to being fired on. News had spread that these five men fleeing from Austria were spies. They must be arrested at all costs. At the outskirts of Innsbruck the road was blockaded. Instantly they were surrounded by soldiers. An Austrian general and his staff placed them under arrest and peremptorily commanded that the captives be taken to the town hall.

In the town hall of Innsbruck a momentous event was taking place. Here had assembled the leaders of the Austrian army; its defense council was in conference. The car with its prisoners was kept under close military guard. A sentry watched every move. My father was the only one who could speak German, and he acted as spokesman for the party. He was ordered out of the car while the others were roughly handled and forced to follow.

In the courtroom of that town hall they were condemned as spies. My father explained that his guests were prominent ecclesiastics from America en route to Switzerland. Knowing that

all cars would be confiscated by nightfall he had wished to cross the frontier to neutral Switzerland. The general who acted as judge looked at the five grimy and travel-stained men with suspicion. He called my father a liar, and sneered as he pointed to these so-called gentlemen from America.

The cardinal and his retinue removed their goggles and pushed back their gray dusters, white from the road. My father suggested that, since there was no other way of proving their identity (in those days passports were never required), the general have the inner pockets of their suits examined, explaining that it was an American custom for a tailor to sew into each suit he made the name and address of the wearer. This was done. But the general was not satisfied. He still doubted that these men were anything else but spies.

Monsignor Hayes, sensing the danger they faced, suggested that a guard collect from each the credentials every priest carries with him, so that he may say Mass in a strange city. This was done and the papers placed before the general, who read each carefully. As he came to the last name, he slowly read aloud, "John Cardinal Farley—Archbishop of New York."

Things had taken place so rapidly that it was only then that the cardinal realized that his authenticity was doubted. He gave an extra pull to his clerical coat and Roman collar, and

slipped the zucchetto into place. This is what struck the eyes of the general when he looked up: the little white-haired gentleman with penetrating blue eyes, a smile on his drawn lips, and on his head the bright red skullcap worn only by cardinals. Quickly the general rose and the officers of his staff were on their feet at once. The general apologized. The man who had been so bold, so disbelieving, suddenly dropped on his knees, and in a moment every man in the room had done the same. He asked Cardinal Farley for his blessing. This His Eminence gladly gave, holding his ring to the general who kissed it fervently. The little car-

dinal helped the general back to his feet.

A military escort was sent to the car. A mob threatened to storm the so-called spies. Anticipating trouble, the general commanded that an escort accompany the party to a safety zone. They were led through byways up a distant mountain, and there, far away from the noise and din of mobilization, they passed the night.

"Let us say a fervent prayer of thanks that Austria is a Catholic country," the cardinal said. "This could not have happened in one that was not." All who witnessed the incident were greatly moved at the faith of those men in high command.



Matter of Form

Probably the only person who ever gave the pope as a business reference was the Associated Press correspondent, Salvatore Cortesi. The AP treasurer in New York had sent Cortesi, as head of the AP Rome bureau, a long, involved form to fill out for a bonding company.

Cortesi penned diligently through so many miles of dotted lines that by the time he got to the section marked "character references" he was too exhausted to take it seriously any more, and whimsically wrote in the names of the pope and the king of Italy.

A few weeks later during an audience the pope said to Cortesi, "By the way, I have received a letter from an American surety company asking for information about you. Why should they apply to me?" Cortesi stammered the explanation. The pope assured him he would give him a good character.

From AP—*The Story of News* by Oliver Gramling (Farrar, 1940).

Spectacle Pioneers

It took a long time

By W. L. SPEIGHT

Condensed from the *Rosary**

Our knowledge of ancient eyeglasses has been gained entirely from paintings, for no specimens of the spectacles used 500 years ago have been discovered. The earliest religious paintings with authentic representations of spectacles date from the 14th century. The portrait of the spectacled cardinal in the Church of St. Nicholas, in Treviso, is dated 1352.

In those days the problem was how to hold the lenses before the eyes and at the same time allow for the ready removal of the spectacles. In the Middle Ages this problem seems to have occasioned great difficulty. Savonarola, for instance, was so frequently troubled by his glasses falling off that he was forced to wear a special cap to keep them on.

History tells us that Philip II of Spain was a weak-eyed man for whom special spectacles were made. He was also a keen reader, but before he could enjoy a book he had to don his hat and wedge a piece of wood between head and hat. To this piece of wood his glasses were attached.

The reading glass was probably invented before spectacles. This consisted of a single lens in a metal rim, to which was attached a short handle. To allow both eyes to be used together two such

lenses might be riveted into a crude pair of spectacles. Sometimes a very tight riveting was secured, and instead of being held on a short handle the glasses were pressed tightly on the fleshy part of the nose.

Obviously this must have been uncomfortable. Breathing must have been difficult. Yet no better way of securing spectacles was discovered until the 18th century. The glasses illustrated in the paintings of the Dutch school are all of the primitive type, which is why the subjects are often depicted with their mouths open; they could not breathe through the nose. And it is probably such reading glasses and spectacles that were used by the early Americans.

The inventive spectacle makers seem always to have been trying to discover better ways of attaching glasses, but for a long time they could think of nothing better than attaching or sewing the lenses to hooks in the bonnet or hat. Sometimes the glasses were fixed to strips of wood, metal or leather, to be worn under the hat. Another idea was that of hanging such strips so that they could be pushed up out of the way when the glasses were not in use.

In Shakespeare's time, spectacles were sometimes secured to the head with

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. November, 1940.

strings or wires. These were prevented from pulling the lenses too near the face by a bar attached to a frame on the forehead. The wires were generally tied behind the head, but this was not always done. Another method consisted of passing them over the ears and keeping them there with small weights. This ear-string method was often regarded as a Chinese invention, but actually it was introduced into China by European missionaries, to be adopted there more widely than in Europe. This Chinese interest in the idea explains the erroneous notion about the country in which it originated.

The instability of many of the older types of spectacles is illustrated in old drawings. In the Cambridge University Library is a Psalter with an illuminated initial showing a priest adjusting his glasses. He has his face inclined upwards, apparently to keep the spectacles from dropping off. More curious is the 14th-century painting in the parish church in Cawston, Norfolk. This depicts St. Matthew fixing a pair of black-rimmed glasses on his nose.

Horn-rimmed glasses are no modern idea, for they are often shown in such ancient paintings. The church of Siena, in fact, has a fresco of the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, in which the Devil is shown wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. The church at Plumtree, Nottingham, is one of the many in which spectacles are depicted in the stained-glass win-

dows. There three saints are shown wearing glasses, with St. Athanasius looking over the top of his.

According to a fresco in a Bavarian church, St. Peter was also a spectacled man, but the manner in which he was forced to use his glasses must have been extraordinarily uncomfortable. With elbow raised and hand before his forehead, he had to hold his spectacles between finger and thumb, letting them hang before the eyes. But luckily for St. Peter in his lifetime, these glasses are an artistic anachronism. It is curious to be shown a bronze of the Prophet Jeremiah wearing spectacles and to see such glasses on the saintly noses of other Fathers of the Church. In the *Sforza Book of Hours* in the British Museum there is an illumination of the death of the Virgin Mary. This includes two apostles reading from the Book of Offices with ancient spectacles balanced on their noses.

Thus, although we are ready to credit the Chinese with the invention of spectacles, and although Latin writers refer to the eyeglass of beryl worn by Nero, it is doubtful whether the ancient Greeks or Romans knew anything about the use of glass lenses as an aid to vision, even though they were familiar with the use of false teeth and artificial limbs. Aristotle, the son of a physician, could only suggest looking through a tube as an aid to weak eyesight, adopting the principle of the astronomers of that time, who descend-

ed into deep wells to observe the stars.

Nero's beryl eyeglass is said to have been used for watching the games in the circus, but it seems that this was a magnifying mirror rather than an eyeglass. Pliny tells us that the emperor viewed the games in this emerald and not through it. In 212 B.C., during the siege of Syracuse, Archimedes is believed to have set fire to the enemies' fleet with the aid of big magnifying mirrors, so that, even if the ancients did not know much about how to make eyeglasses, they were fairly well conversant with the properties of mirrors.

Such ancient mirrors were made of metal, and on the whole must have proved inefficient optical aids. That probably explains St. Paul's reference to objects reflected in a mirror as being

seen obscurely. This interesting fact has trapped painters, and Holman Hunt committed an anachronism when he painted an Arthurian scene with the mirror cracked from side to side. From the way the crack is depicted, it is obvious that the artist was thinking of the modern mirror of glass backed with quicksilver which was not known in the romantic days of good old King Arthur. Other painters have fallen into the curious error of placing spectacles on the noses of the early Christians. Such anachronisms were probably due to the fact that the early specimens of spectacles were used by the clergy and the religious orders, for they were then probably the only makers and users of books. In this way spectacles came to be regarded as a sign of sanctity and wisdom, dignity and learning.



On his morning's ride through Copenhagen, Denmark's gaunt, brooding monarch, Christian X, saw something that caused him to rein in suddenly. It was the Nazi swastika waving over a public building, a rank violation of the terms which Hitler imposed on Denmark.

"Take it down," the king ordered a German officer in front of the building.

"Orders from Berlin," replied the officer.

"The flag must be removed before 12 o'clock; otherwise I will send a soldier to do it," the monarch declared.

"The soldier will be shot," warned the Nazi officer.

"I am the soldier," said the king.

The swastika came down.

A Swedish newspaper quoted by *Time* (2 Dec. '40).

Religion in Capsules

By H. A. REINHOLD

Rather, fountain of life

Condensed from *Orate Fratres**

A certain dictator has been persecuting the Catholic Church in his country for years. But he has done it in a peculiar way. The obvious thing would have been to close the churches, expel the religious, take away all possessions, and kill the people who rebelled against these measures. That would have been a nice clean thing for the Catholics of the whole world to shout about. It would all have been as obvious as the loyalists in Spain and Senor Calles in Mexico. But this dictator did not fit into the pattern, and many good Catholics won't believe that he persecutes the Church.

On the contrary, they admire him. He put the Church in her place, that is true. He gave her a spanking; well, the Catholics over there probably needed it badly. But since he is the instrument of God in bringing about a new world order (order?) and since he does away with sinister international forces, capitalism and a lot of other things, why call him names? He is a great man and, who knows, when he will have done all the things he ought, he may well turn Catholic.

That is the theory I hear all over the country from very wise people. Our dear instrument-in-the-hand-of-God dictator ought to have more friends than

he already has. Is he not authoritarian? So are we. Does he not put the women into their places? So do we—or do we? Does he not believe in order and discipline? So do we. Is he not against softness of life and does he not preach the spirit of sacrifice? Has he not created a wonderful community spirit in a disunited, strife-torn nation? Has he not advocated the rights of the small man and did he not abolish class privileges? Why, the man is even a born Catholic, and perhaps he makes the sign of the cross in his bedroom. I am quoting men as I met them between Seattle and Boston, between Chicago and Albuquerque in the beautiful month of October in 1940.

The no-longer-so-absolutely-hostile dictator does amazing things. He has closed all Catholic organizations and confiscated their property. He has not one Catholic school left in his country. There is no Catholic press except a few emasculated diocesan papers the mastheads of which you will find in one of his propaganda papers, last page, please. But the churches are open, the clergy get a salary from taxes taken from the faithful, but with the help of the dictator's own officials. There are two monthlies, or even three, of an excellent intellectual standard, dabbling

*Collegeville, Minn. Dec. 1, 1940.

in the loftiest problems. Of course, it would be very imprudent for these intellectually first-rate monthlies to discuss Mr. Dictator's philosophy. But they talk about art and philosophy and Charlemagne and liturgy and all those things which we intellectuals like. He has chaplains in his army. He even gives windows to some churches. He is amazing. After smearing the priests' honor for years, he now releases them and allows them to lead a toothless life in a quiet corner of his empire.

He believes in religion, certainly he does. He even has one of his own making, something like a new Islam, and he himself is Allah's supreme prophet. And for the rest, he lets the Church die out from anemia. He allows the old religion in doses, something like a sedative you give people when pain becomes unbearable. He knows that only Marxists and Freemasons are stupid enough to stage a bloody persecution. Such nonsense: look what happened in Spain, or France or Mexico. Thus are made martyrs, or crusaders. Do not do that, but make religion harmless, a thing for the older generation and anemic youngsters. Do not let religion raise totalitarian claims on the whole man. That is the thing which our dictator cannot and does not tolerate.

The dictator does these things and he will root the Church out in his country in two or three generations. Perhaps it will survive like the Copts

in Egypt, the Maronites in Lebanon.

But we do the same thing ourselves. First we prepare the way for such things by the mentality just described. Then we administer religion in doses of sugar-covered pills in our schools and churches. Those of us who attended the Liturgical Week in Chicago and saw what happened in the hall of Holy Name Cathedral School must feel that there is only one way out: the inevitable liturgical renaissance in this country. Only if religion takes hold of our individuals and families, of our parishes and schools as envisaged in Chicago, will we escape our secular totalitarianism. The consecration of the world to Christ is our task. If we do not consecrate it, we will lose the struggle. I am firmly convinced that the Liturgical Week in Chicago was the beginning of a new era in American Catholicism. Not many know about it and only a few appreciate its significance. But the very fact is significant that from all over the country layfolk and priests, secular and religious came together, not to show off, not to dine and wine, not to talk big words and pass thundering resolutions, not to impress by numbers, but to find themselves laden with responsibility, rich with spiritual wealth, filled with the spirit of Christ's victory, concerned with the true things of God. Those people knew that religion is the fountain of living waters, not an aspirin tablet.

Current Postal Service

By JOHN EDWIN HOGG

Oceanic free delivery

Condensed from *Buick Magazine**

Scattered all over the earth, on all the continents and innumerable islands, from Greenland to Admiral Byrd's Antarctica, and from Tasmania to Alaska, are the members of the International Bottle Club. They are a geographically-minded group representing all races of mankind. Their hobby is the operation of a world-wide postal system, the exchange of messages carried in sealed bottles, by river, wind, wave, tide and ocean current.

Fathered by Col. Edward P. Bailey, a native of Australia, who is now an American citizen of San Marino, Calif., the Bottle Club was born at sea in 1926. A twin brother of his International Adventurers' Club, the Bottle Club, began when Colonel Bailey en route from Vancouver to Sydney, Australia, amused himself by preparing hundreds of messages in a dozen languages, sealing them in bottles and consigning them to the sea. Returning to America, he again littered the Pacific with bottled messages in which finders were requested to communicate with him. Months, sometimes years, later, some of these notes brought responses from widely separated points around the Pacific. One was reported from India; another from Kenya, on the east coast of Africa. Thus, the Bottle Club

began with Colonel Bailey as its moving spirit and with an original membership enrolled from a few dozen bottled-message finders scattered from Chile to Kamchatka, Alaska to Africa.

The growth of the Bottle Club, however, was destined to spread over the earth like an infestation of krautweed. Its membership crept into the Atlantic; it moved into the Arctic Ocean, to the Great Lakes of North America, to far-inland points along the great rivers of all the continents, and to the Antarctic with the first of Admiral Richard E. Byrd's expeditions. Now, Bottle Club members around the earth collect old bottles by the thousands, seal their messages in them, and send them to sea with members of ship's crews or passengers who agree to heave them overboard. Members living far inland "mail" theirs in lakes and rivers.

Since the Bottle Club now pays a small cash reward for every message reported, with an additional bonus for those breaking previous time and distance records, club headquarters in San Marino now has a remarkable collection of much-traveled documents. A message set adrift by a Japanese member in the Sea of Okhotsk went to Tierra del Fuego in three years to the day. Chilean messages have gone to

**Flint, Mich. November, 1940.*

Alaska; Alaskan messages to Australia and Papua. A message dropped into the Missouri River at Fort Benton, Mont., went to a beach near Recife, Brazil, in 48 months and 12 days. A bottle "mailed" by a New Zealand member from a ship near Honolulu found its way into the Indian Ocean, rounded Cape of Good Hope and was picked up at Mossamedes, in Angola, on the west coast of Africa after seven years and one day. Tens of thousands of messages are still floating around waiting to be delivered somewhere, sometime!

From the study of all available oceanographic data, Bottle Clubbers now know about where a message will go if it is "mailed" in a certain river or in any particular "spot" on the seven seas. Thus, British members now address theirs to America and have them

properly delivered. Simultaneously, American Bottle Club members put their messages in the Gulf Stream south of Cape Hatteras when they want to send them to England. The speed record thus far, via the Gulf Stream route, is 18 days from a point off Miami, Fla., to Lochinver, Scotland!

In the relatively few brief years of its existence, the Bottle Club has learned much about where the water goes after it leaves the rivers. A note, for example, that was "mailed" in the Brazos River, in Texas, arrived at Milford, England, nine months later. The club is also correcting a lot of errors in previous bad geography of ocean currents. Thus, in addition to providing its members with a fascinating hobby, the club is steadily making some valuable contributions to our present-day knowledge of oceanography.



There's Many a Slip

Legend says that Ancaeus, King of Samos, an island of ancient Greece, planted a vineyard. Because he was cruel to his slaves, one of them prophesied to him that he would never live to taste the wine. When the first wine was made, the king summoned the slave and asked, "What do you think of your prophecy now?" The slave looked at him and said, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Just then a man rushed in and told the king that a wild boar had broken into his favorite vineyard and was uprooting it. The king put his untasted wine aside and hurried out to help drive the beast from the vineyard. He was killed in an encounter with the boar.

Leonarda Visconti in *Good Housekeeping* (Oct. '40).

Chaucer and Our Lady

By HUBERT GERRETY

Father of our language

Condensed from the *Apostle of Mary**

In the forgotten days of the 14th century there lived an Englishman of the faith who, from the threads of old English life, wove a rich tapestry which today is still strangely beautiful. In this tapestry you are surprised to find your own friends and neighbors. You recognize knaves, fools and some saints and sinners whom you know; perhaps your doctor or lawyer, a merchant or even a thief. The tales told by Chaucer's pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury are better than any best seller which you have ever read, and they will be read when next year's best seller has gone the road of yesteryear. English readers, dodging bombs in an hysterical nightmare of horror and hate, read Chaucer for his "sanity" and "humor."

In the storm and stress of the Renaissance and the Reformation, England lost sympathy with the genius of Catholic days. The polished and brittle skepticism of the 18th century had nothing in common with the Canterbury pilgrims. And although the 19th-century Romanticists and Victorians stumbled upon Chaucer while pursuing their antiquarian interest in the Middle Ages, a critic such as Matthew Arnold could deny with impunity that the poet

had "high seriousness." But G. K. Chesterton, himself a Host Bailly, Jack Falstaff and Doctor Johnson rolled into one, laughed out of sight such pompous narrowness. We know now that Chaucer had "high seriousness," but that poor Matthew Arnold was too serious to see it through his Victorian spectacles. With the exception of Dante, he is the greatest of Catholic poets, and with the modern ever-increasing appreciation of his muse he is venerated with Shakespeare and Milton in the trinity of great English poets.

Modern scholars have found in Chaucer an artist possessed of rare dramatic power, a creator of three-dimensional characters who live and laugh, such as Harry Bailly, the jolly host of the Tabard Inn, of the worldly wife of Bath, of the delicate Madame Eglantine, and the slippery supersalesman in the person of the pardoner. Chaucer is a spinner of delightful stories and he reveals the medieval pageant of life with understanding, sympathy and rare good humor.

Catholic historians and social reformers see in Chaucer's works the revelation of days when great guilds made workmen free. They look longingly beyond the soot of 20th-century smokestacks to far-off days when free and

*108 Franklin St., Dayton, Ohio. October, 1940.

sturdy yeomen tilled the soil. Chaucer shows us some 14th-century rascals in the persons of the pardoner, the summoner, the reeve, and the shipman, but in those days men could live according to the laws of nature and nature's God, free from the crushing power of modern economics and politics.

When Chaucer was about 30 years old he was ambassador of King Richard II to the Genoese. He was controller of customs for the port of London and also commissioner of public works, but despite this active participation in public life, he found time to be a scholar and a poet. From the time of the Conquest in 1066 to Chaucer's boyhood nearly three centuries later, Norman-French had been the language of the court, the nobles, and the law. But Chaucer wrote not in the old Anglo-Saxon, nor in the foreign Norman-French, but in a new language, "English," which at the time was merely the dialect spoken in Midland County, in which London is situated. This English is fundamentally the language which we speak today.

If we would appreciate the character and position of Chaucer we must think of him as of a former ambassador to England and also to Italy, a former head of the P. W. A., and now as a prosperous collector of customs for the port of New York, but who also on week ends writes the greatest poetry which we have heard since Milton.

Of all the facts of Chaucer's life, nothing is more certain than that he was devoted to our blessed Lady. It would be difficult to exaggerate the popularity of Marian poetry in the Middle Ages. Half the love poetry of England was sung in her honor. England was our Lady's Dowry. She was the second but greater Eve, "Janitress of Heaven," "Portress of Purgatory," and even "Empress of Hell." The rhymes of Robin Hood breathe out of the forests of Old England the freshness of this devotion.

Chaucer's age was the fading afterglow of the great 13th century of Bonaventure and Thomas Aquinas, of Dominic and Francis of Assisi and Louis IX of France, when knighthood was in flower. Chaucer's song rises above all except Dante's in lyric power, beauty of imagery, and delicacy of verse. Here and there throughout his works we find isolated lines to our Lady like wayside shrines decorated by a Chaucerian bouquet.

One of the finest of Chaucer's shorter pieces is the poem entitled, *An A B C*, in which there is an eight-line stanza for each letter of the alphabet, in honor of our Lady. The poem, written for the Duchess Blanche, reveals a simple faith and childlike devotion. But the most important of Chaucer's tributes to our Lady are in *The Canterbury Tales*, in the prologues of *The Prioress' Tale* and *The Second Nun's Tale*. In her prologue the Prior-

ess reaches the heights of lofty prayers.
O Mother-Maid! O Maiden-Mother
free!

O bush unburnt, burning in Moses'
sight,

Who ravished so the soul of Deity,
With thy meekness, the spirit of the
Light,

That His virtue, which was thy soul's
delight,

Conceived in thee the Father's Essence,
Help me to speak now with all rever-
ence!

In the prologue to *The Second Nun's Tale* Chaucer professes his belief in the Immaculate Conception, which was finally defined as an article of faith in 1854.

But over and above Chaucer's verse

tributes we know that the poet was devoted to our Lady in the practice of his everyday life, which was full of the same concerns, worries, joys and sorrows which fill our own lives. The Hoccleve portrait of the poet reveals much of the character of the man left somewhat obscure in his works. For the Catholic reader today the most striking ideal in the picture is the rosary plainly to be seen in the poet's left hand. Chaucer, the greatest Englishman of his day, was painted, not with a falcon on his wrist as a noble, not with a great chain of gold as a rich man or a politician, not holding a book (as Holbein painted Thomas More), but with the badge of a faithful son of Mary—the rosary.



The variegated nature of present-day contacts was borne in upon me forcibly five years ago while returning by boat from South America. Besides the usual run of tourists and businessmen, there were aboard the following representatives of our culture: one cauliflower-eared pugilist from Brooklyn, who had been well battered by Argentine boxers; ten Broadway chorus girls who had helped to enliven the hot spots of Rio and Buenos Aires; one Armenian minister from Fall River, Mass., who had just finished his second preaching tour in Argentina; one hatmaker who had been plying her trade in Uruguay (her "advanced ideas" caused the minister to worry over her soul during most of the voyage); one missionary's wife, with a brood of children, from the wilderness regions of Matto Grosso in Brazil; one teacher, who had been consulting some 16th-century manuscripts in a Bolivian monastery. As we proceeded northward to New York, I had plenty of time to wonder what impact these representatives of American culture had made on South America.

Lewis Hanke in *Harpers* (Nov. '40).

The Joads Beat the Cats

They tuffed it through

By GEORGE WELLER

Condensed from *Free America**

On a recent trip through the San Joaquin Valley I decided, at the risk of troubling people already burdened with visitors, to call upon the refugees from the dust bowl and find out what changes in their lives, if any, had been accomplished by the wide public sympathy for John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*. In all of the six big counties that sprawl across California's great central valley of industrial farms one can see scores of families of nomads like the Joads riding the roads in their decrepit jaloppies. At night they sleep in shacks or tents, camping sometimes in glades of cottonwoods, sometimes in open fields. I happened to stop in Visalia, a town of 10,000 in Tulare County, because I had an introduction to the farm security advisor there, Robert W. Pontius, and knew that a government camp for migrants was nearby. This camp resembles in every detail the original described in *Grapes of Wrath*, which is a few miles farther south at Arvin.

Pontius, a husky, black-haired ex-farmer with a Junoesque wife and two tall sons, has been working in Visalia several years as farm loan administrator for the Department of Agriculture. His job is mainly to lend federal money to migrant farmers to buy land. Most

of the farmers he helps are Californians, not Okies or Arkies. The funds available for this purpose under the Bankhead Act are meager and closely taped, and the Okies able to qualify as borrowers are few. Most of the refugees have sold all their farm tools and used up their capital for gas and oil, betting everything on the Californian jack pot.

When I joined Pontius he was being trailed around the streets of Visalia by Mrs. Alva Powell, a thin, dark little woman from Oklahoma, who has a strong strain of Indian blood. She wanted him to view and approve a small farm she and her husband hoped to buy with a government loan.

Pontius eventually got rid of Mrs. Powell by promising to see the homestead the next day. "She'll get some kind of farm, I think," he said to me after Mrs. Powell bounded into an old coupe, wrestled briefly with its dashboard stops, and drove it grunting away. "And she'll make her husband hold onto the land this time. The Okies have learned enough not to let themselves be tractored off their farms by the cats a second time, you bet your life." A "cat" is a big caterpillar tractor used in large-scale industrial farming. The cats take over small farms like Soviet battle tanks and send their

*112 E. 19th St., New York City. November, 1940.

landless owners fleeing westward.

What Mrs. Powell and the Joads are up against in California, Pontius explained to me, is a seasonal rather than a year-round dilemma. For six months, when everything in San Joaquin Valley from avocados to watermelons must be picked or rot, the crop growers are eager to hire the Joads. They pay them well. The migrants' wages from July to December are better than agricultural labor gets anywhere else in the U. S. For the subsequent six months, though, after the crops are picked and shipped, the erstwhile employers of the Okies would like them to do what Hollywood calls a quick dissolve.

Being landless and homeless, and so without the means to supply their own table and sidetrack the rent item in the budget, the first requisites of family farmers, the migrants' position as earners in the San Joaquin Valley is exactly that of automobile workers in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. But the food factories of Modesto, Fresno and Bakersfield have a special eccentricity unfamiliar to Detroit, South Bend and Pontiac. They shut down several months a year, strike or no strike. The migrants have to keep traveling from one assembly line to another.

On the way out to the migrants' camp, Pontius and I stopped a few moments at the government food depot and relief station, a long hut-like building resembling a highway tavern. It actually had been a roadhouse. The

old sign, which a government man had covered loosely with potato sacking, still read *Rainbow Inn*. The jaloppies of the Joads were parked around the Rainbow Inn. Lanky women sat in them, knitting, reading the *Visalia Times-Delta*, or gossiping. Behind them in the rear seats babies slept in improvised beds. Men and youths, dressed in blue denim, tanned and taciturn, either lounged against the inn's sunny wall or sat on the running boards of their cars, whittling and spitting.

The refugees' manner was easy, casual and unworried, but somehow alive and aware, too. There was none of the listless torpor of clients in a city relief bureau. Dogs from Texas and Missouri roamed inquisitively about, smelling noses, wagging tails, and forming cliques with dogs from Oklahoma and Arkansas. The sun was warm and friendly and there was even a marked jauntiness in the tangy air. Several families had lifted the hoods of their engines and were poking into motors. Most cars seemed about ten years old, but none was so dilapidated as Darryl F. Zanuck's idea of the Joads' jalopy.

Inside the building, a skeleton staff of five men and a girl was busy filling out application blanks for the migrants and handing them surplus foodstuffs like corn, beans, flour, oranges and grapefruit.

To the ex-farmers who stood around answering questions it must have

seemed a paradoxical situation. These unsalable foods had been bought by the government from industrial farms. The walls of the warehouse were lined roof-high with cabbages, potatoes and beans, many of them grown on giant mechanical farms in Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas, now destined to be eaten in California by hungry refugees from the same super-efficient factories. I asked a clerk, who was writing like mad, whether any of the food was ever stolen. "Not a thing," he said. "They're the most upright people in the world. Fall down in a faint before they'd take a handful of coffee beans. Might behave different, though, if we were giving out farms."

Speeding again along the road in Pontius' sedan, we passed frequently the tents and trailers of dust bowlers. In one or two cases families were living in silos. Patches of pickers could be seen in cotton fields. A big open-mouthed white canvas bag, something like a football tackling dummy, was attached to their waists by a kind of harness. They pulled the bag along the rows in short spasmodic jerks, their fingers flitting ahead of them like brown birds through the withering, chest-high plants. The white bolls were thin and scattered. "Second picking. Gives them from \$1.50 to \$2.00 a day," explained Pontius.

A couple of miles out of town we reached the migrant camp. It was a hexagon of small identical pre-fabri-

cated shacks built on concrete bases, raised slightly above the ground for protection against surface water. Each shack had a parking place beside it. The shacks were topped by corrugated sloping roofs of a special kind of rippled metal that, as I learned later, kept them 25 degrees cooler inside than ordinary sheeting. In summer the valley's temperature frequently reaches 115 degrees. In the open center of the hexagon of homes, which had graveled roads around its inside circumference, and neat crisscross paths with well tailored turf, there was a long, broad building something like the Rainbow Inn. "That's their school and community hall," said Pontius.

The entire camp was ringed around by a stout fence, through the wide-open, unpatrolled gate of which men, women and children promenaded back and forth with complete freedom.

For a while we watched a gang of long-legged boys playing touch football on the grass near the community house. They behaved like ordinary American boys, screaming for forward passes in alto-soprano voices and jeering each other in midplay like sand lotters everywhere. "Four hundred kids like these in this one camp," said Pontius. "Most of the boys are 4-H members or Boy Scouts, and lots of them want to own farms. Unfortunately California's land is all taken up." He looked off toward the humpbacked foothills of the Sierra range, arid and yellow to the east. "I

don't know exactly what we'll do," he said.

Quite abruptly, there jumped down in front of us from the running board of a Missouri jalopy, a tall, hatless young man with glasses, wearing a leather windbreaker. Except for his athletic build, he looked like a graduate student in a midwestern university. "Hello," he said to Pontius. "Hello, Bob," said Pontius, and added aside to me, "This is Bob Hardie, the manager." Hardie had turned back to the automobile, which held a large man, his wife and two children, and all their household goods. "Keep up your hopes, Morton," he said, "we'll have a house for you in three or four months anyway." "Thank y'all," said the man, and the car turned down the road.

We walked around the hexagon of cottages. Lights were going on. The hissing spurt of meat thrown into a hot frying pan came through the doors, and the smoky tang of coffee. Women called to children, "Myra! Supper's settin' ready!" "Al-berl!" On the dark camp street, in front of a number of shacks still unlighted because the owners had not yet come back from the fields, several pairs of lovers were walking arm in arm in the shadows. We went on through the laundry shed, which Hardie called "my finest social center," the woodcraft shop, the kindergarten, and past the infirmary, where there had been three cases of infantile paralysis.

"We're grateful to *Grapes* for calling attention to our job," said Hardie. "But once in a while the solicitude gets a little embarrassing. We're trying to take care of the migrants until somebody finds a new pattern for them or they find it for themselves. They're just plain farm families, as sensible as anyone else that reads Sears, Roebuck. Lots of the men have studied at agricultural colleges and so have many of the women. Their only difference is that they have a dash of Indian blood, of which they are mighty proud because it makes them more American. They're neither queer nor revolutionary nor even foul-spoken, and a good many happen to be deeply religious. When people drive up here expecting to hear smut and see a menagerie of subhuman louts, as most strangers do, we don't know what to show them. This is just a community of American homes."

The families contribute 10c a day to the camp maintenance, which amounts to about \$9,000 a year. Hardie said there were 371 families in the camp, about 70 of them living in tents. The entire staff consisted of Hardie, a clerk to keep accounts, a foreman, a maintenance man, and three custodial helpers on part time—about as many employees as a 20-guest dude ranch—to take care of 1,400 people. The campers have their own common council to handle their legislation, and a camp-fund committee for finances. A general elec-

tion is held every two months. When an Okie has a drinking brawl or beats his wife he is haled before three Okie judges. Their punishment is submitted to Hardie for approval.

Since it proved almost impossible to persuade Hardie to talk about himself, I was obliged to fall back on Pontius. "This looks like a lot of responsibility for anyone only 26 years old," said the farm agent, "but Bob has been with the migrants since before Steinbeck took them up. He took over the camp at Arvin from Tom Collins, the manager that Steinbeck dedicated his book to. He was graduated from Nebraska Teachers' College in 1933. Well, he ran Arvin, 200 families, all alone except for an old night watchman. They saw he was good for the work, and they had him build the camps at Gridley and Westley. He's been here two years now."

Hardie listened to Pontius inattentively, as though it was the story of another person. "Say, listen," he said to me, "when you get back to New York, I wonder if you could send us some free plays. Do you know any plays on Broadway we could get without royalty?"

"He's always looking for material for his literary society," said Pontius with a nudge.

"They're awfully hard up for rural plays," said Hardie, "not like *Tobacco Road*, but more up-to-date. You see, when we started three years ago the campers were an awfully strait-laced bunch. Oh, we had parties, all right, but the old folks wouldn't stand for any swing music or Lindy-hopping. Only square dances and fiddle tunes; that was a rule they made. But since Steinbeck's book came out, they've all gone modern. They've taken to writing their own stuff."

I asked Hardie whether the characters of the migrant playwrights were as free-spoken as the Joads. "I hate to call anything exaggerated that has given us so much help," he said. "But *Grapes* is pretty strong for our stomachs. A lot of us have read it, and we all liked most of it. But if any family in camp talked like the Joads, the flag committee would haul them up before me in ten minutes."

"See?" said Pontius heartily to me. "That's all there is to the problem; just find new farms for them." He frowned slightly. "It's too bad California has so many big farms and so few family-size homesteads."

Hardie's eyes traveled the circle of the hundreds of little homes. "Something big ought to be done about it," he said.



He is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.—*Sheridan*.

I Read Lips

By ARTHUR G. LEISMAN

Adventure in silence

Condensed from the *Catholic Deaf-Mute**

Lip reading has been my singular passport to the hearing world for nearly 40 silent years. It has been dependable but not always reliable. Sometimes the results have been insufferable. For lip reading is an art that unexpectedly produces many a slip between the eye and the lip.

Lip reading is extremely difficult, because no two persons speak alike, and many lip-formed words are identical in structure. The rare individual who forms words with his lips clearly enough to be easily read deserves a niche in the hall of immortals, as far as the deaf are concerned. Only a small percentage of the populace is capable of doing so with anything like passing success.

There is a decided difference between reading lips and listening normally. The former involves hard work, depends wholly upon eyesight. Listening is a pleasant diversion that may be enjoyed with the eyes closed and the nerves relaxed. No one likes to pay taxes, but everyone realizes their necessity. Similarly, no deaf lip reader can be said to be in love with lip reading, but he would not do without it.

Since words like *sixteen* and *sixty* read alike on the lips, people should patiently cooperate and try to make

themselves understood without resorting to pad and pencil.

Take for instance, the tight-lipped person who rattles off tri-syllable words in nothing flat, and when not one has clicked, exclaims, "I thought you could read lips!" And that large lady with the small mouth who drops in and insists on supplying me with some scrap of information. When I say, "Beg pardon, but I cannot read your lips very well," her eyes widen with pained astonishment. The idea prevails among her kind that if I can correctly read the prosaic greeting, "How are you?" I should have equal success with all the rest of *Webster's Unabridged*.

Lip reading is the mother of white lies. This happens when, not to annoy a friend with a request for repetition, I nod as if I had understood. Sometimes the nod is the desired answer, then all is well; and sometimes I learn afterwards that I should have replied in the negative. I feel pretty small when that occurs.

In the midst of a gathering of hearing friends I am as good as stranded, unless someone tactfully pays me special attention. When jokes are cracked and spontaneous laughter ensues, nine times out of ten I smile discreetly as

*12 1st St., Saugerties, N. Y. November, 1940.

if I also caught the full drift. On such occasions, in reality, I am thrown for a loss of several yarns.

Lip reading can be made a pleasant adventure if hearing people do their part. In order to render good "lip service," they should articulate clearly, reduce the rate of speaking to some extent, and avoid exaggeration. The speaker should face the reader directly, standing from three to six feet away. He need not speak audibly, although this is advisable. Above all, he must have the patience of Job, and be willing to repeat if his message is not understood at first.

So far as conversation among a group of totally deaf people is concerned, lip reading has its limitations. On such occasions the finger alphabet and sign language are more practical. Services, meetings and conversations of the deaf are made possible by the use of signs and finger spelling.

But in their proper place and at proper times both the sign language and lip reading are indispensable. And fortunate is the deaf person who is master of both. Well might the young man in the following story have profited:

A deaf couple was about to be married. The sweet young miss was an expert lip reader, while the man's ability in this line was negligible. When to respond to the minister's questions presented a problem for him. But woman's genius prevailed. She said to him, "I will have my arm in yours, of course. When the minister asks you, 'Do you take this woman to be thy wedded wife?' I will simply nudge you. That will be your cue to reply, 'I do.' Simple, isn't it, dear?"

Came the wedding hour. The little chapel was well filled with friends and relatives. Sunbeams filtering through the stained windows played upon the vested clergyman and the young couple. She was radiant and confident; he was immaculate and nervous.

The minister came to these words, "If there be anyone present who objects to the marriage of these young people, let him speak now, or henceforth hold his tongue." Just then a wandering fly alighted on the bride's bare arm resting in the groom's, and in an effort to get rid of it, her arm inadvertently nudged his ribs. Quickly, and in clear, forceful tones, the young man spoke out, "I do!"

Beginnings...XX...

NORTH DAKOTA

First priest: Father Severe Dumoulin at Pembina, 1818.

First Mass: By Father Dumoulin in 1818.

First Baptism: By the same in 1818.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

The Iona Community

By PETER F. ANSON

The Scotch reconstruct

Condensed from *Pax**

Forty-one years ago, two or three Anglican monks, who then formed the Benedictine community which eventually settled on Caldey Island, spent a month on Iona. It would have greatly surprised them if they had been told that, should they return to this same island off the west coast of Scotland in the summer of 1940, they would find a much larger religious community for men and, still more surprising, a community belonging to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Forty-one years ago the idea would have seemed fantastic, but in half a century great changes have taken place in the whole outlook of Scottish Presbyterians, and the Iona Community is a sign of the times.

Until comparatively recently the Church of Scotland, the nominal membership of which includes about 80% of the total population, remained predominantly Calvinist both in theology and worship. Scotland during the 17th and 18th centuries was very nearly a Calvinist theocracy such as Calvin himself had hoped to create at Geneva. But such a state of affairs is now a thing of the past. Gone is the great tradition of a church of the Scottish people; gone too are the austere traditions of worship. Puritanism, both in

morals and in worship, is fast dying, if not already dead, in the greater part of Scotland. Paganism is rapidly taking its place.

How Scotland can be re-Christianized is the question many of the more thoughtful ministers are asking themselves. There is a feeling among them that institutional religion as exemplified in traditional Presbyterianism can do little or nothing to re-Christianize Scotland; that what is needed much more is a return to a more Christian "way of living," i.e., groups of men and women who will be in the world though not of the world, whose whole life will preach Christianity as did the lives of the early Christians.

Now, in the Catholic Church this idea is nothing new: men and women have been living as members one of another, not abstractedly and theoretically, but concretely and practically in every age. Such an idea is the fundamental principle upon which the religious life is based.

The Iona Community is one of the many signs that a reaction against Calvinist principles has already set in, although its leaders hardly seem to realize as yet the full implications of this new movement. The community is best described as a Church of Scotland

**Prinknash Priory, Gloucester, England. Autumn, 1940.*

brotherhood composed of ministers and laymen. It was founded in 1938 by the Rev. George F. Macleod, at that time minister of Govan, an outstanding personality in the Presbyterian body. His experience in parochial life in a densely populated district on Clydeside had convinced him that new methods of approach to the people, as well as new methods of worship were needed. So the Iona Community came into being, and it has now received the official if somewhat tentative blessing of the General Assembly. The clerical members pledge themselves to work for two years on home mission work in Scotland, more especially on housing schemes where there are as yet no places of worship and in industrial parishes. The lay members are artisans. During the summer months the brotherhood has its headquarters on Iona where the members, both lay and clerical, are engaged in rebuilding the ruined Benedictine monastery as their future home. For the present they are housed in a large new wooden building under the shadow of the abbey.

Owing to the war a different arrangement was decided on last summer. The clerical members of the community returned to Iona island for a fortnight's retreat, only the artisans remaining as permanent residents; and until September retreats for groups of ministers and laymen will be conducted every week, all of them being booked up at the time of writing, so that it is

probable that between 250 and 300 persons will have been in retreat before the end of the summer. When one realizes that Iona is nearly a ten hours' journey from either Edinburgh or Glasgow and is now situated within a "protected area," which means obtaining a special permit from the military authorities, it is clear that this new movement in the Church of Scotland has caught on.

I am able to give some first-hand impressions of life in the Community House on Iona, as I was asked to give a series of conferences to the brotherhood while they were in retreat during the first fortnight of June, a strange experience for a Catholic layman. The subjects of the conferences, chosen by Dr. Macleod himself, were *The History of Christian Worship* and *Monastic Life*. Hardly the subjects, one might have supposed, to appeal to an audience of young Presbyterian ministers; but no audience could have shown keener interest or appreciation.

There is nothing "monastic" about the Iona Community. Nobody could accuse these men of playing at being monks. They have a uniform, consisting of a blue serge suit and blue jersey, but this is worn only on special occasions, and for the greater part of the day most of them were attired in shorts and open-necked shirts. There is a definite timetable, but the whole life is free and somewhat unconventional.

This is how the days were mapped

out. At 6:45 A. M. we were aroused by a bell. At 7:30 there was a substantial breakfast. At 8 o'clock a short service was held in the abbey church, the community occupying the choir stalls. After the service the artisan members, masons and carpenters, went off to work. The ministers spent part of the morning in Bible study, a conference, prayer and reading. Dinner took place at 12:30. During the afternoon the ministers were given various jobs, some assisting the carpenters and masons, others working in the garden, while others swept the rooms and long corridors of the community house and performed similar domestic duties. There was high tea at 5:30, followed by music practice. The evening service at 9:30 seemed to attract many visitors who were staying on the island. The setting may have had something to do with it, for it must be confessed that the dim light of the two rows of flickering candles above the choir stalls; the two wrought-iron branch candlesticks on either side of the long whitish-green marble high altar lighting up the magnificent silver cross of Celtic design, combined to create an atmosphere of beauty very rarely found in the average Presbyterian kirk. Iona Cathedral had been desecrated and allowed to fall into ruin, but after three centuries has been restored with loving care. But the stones cry out and proclaim that this late medieval building erected by Benedictine monks is still a "Mass house," that it is not

a bleak Calvinist "preaching place."

So strong is the Catholic atmosphere of Iona Cathedral, even today, that it did not seem odd to find, among other subjects for intercession, prayers being offered for the pope and his persecuted flock throughout Europe. Neither did it seem surprising that the official Sunday morning service of the brotherhood should be what is best described as a choral celebration of the Lord's Supper, although this is a complete novelty so far as the rest of Presbyterian Scotland is concerned, communion normally being administered once a quarter, or even less frequently.

During the fortnight I spent on Iona this summer my thoughts often went back to the now far-off days when the Benedictines of Caldey were still members of the Church of England. In certain respects there is much in common with the aims and ideals of the Iona Community and the Anglican monks of Caldey. It was only too easy to discover many features in the life and observance of the Iona Community to criticize. One might have argued that the whole thing was largely based on emotionalism; that it could not survive because it lacks just those essentials which can only be found where obedience to authority is the basis of all forms of community life. Yet, I could not help recalling what Dom Bede Camm had written in defense of the Anglican Benedictine monks when they were being attacked in the Catholic

press more than eight years before they made their submission to the Holy See. "If only Catholics could realize," he wrote, "the immense harm they can do by rash and unkind judgments of those outside the fold! I know nothing of these good young men at Painsthorpe, save from hearsay, but all I have heard has been edifying and consoling. No doubt they have no real claim to be members of our holy Order, but yet they do love St. Benedict, they do try to keep his Rule, they do serve God to the best of their lights, living lives of self-denial, mortification and prayer,

and therefore they ought to be safe from the cheap sneers of those who, through no merit of their own, possess the priceless gift of faith. If we cannot honestly speak well of these men, it would be better to keep silence and to pray for them."

The Iona Community, as well as other similar groups of men in the Church of Scotland today, is groping towards the true Church, although few of them seem to realize the fact. In their own way they are pioneers who are trying to put back just those things which their ancestors pulled down.



Army's Saint

The statue of St. Anthony in the Franciscan Church of Santo Antonio in Rio de Janeiro has received military distinctions that sit oddly upon it. The intercession of St. Anthony was sought in driving out the French in 1710, and when the prayers of the *cariocas* had been answered, these honest people felt that some recognition was due to St. Anthony. Representations were therefore made in official quarters, and in due course St. Anthony was created a captain of the Portuguese army and his salary turned over monthly to the convent for decorating the church and defraying the expenses in connection with the celebration of the saint's day. In 1810 after waiting 100 years, long enough to make an American army officer think more indulgently of his own rapidity of advancement, St. Anthony was promoted to the rank of major. In 1814 he became lieutenant colonel and was at the same time decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of Christ. His pay was inopportunately stopped in 1914.

From *Rio* by Hugh Gibson (Doubleday, Doran, 1937).

Basic Issue

By MARY SYNON

Sign at road crossing

Condensed from the *Journal of Religious Instruction**

Today on the map of the world stand seven points that have been cross-road markings of western civilization, points where mankind has turned from one way of life to another, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse, but always changing the course of human history.

There is the Basilica of St. Peter's in Rome which for 1,600 years has seen the high tides and the low of the power on earth of the Church of Christ. There is the Mosque of Santa Sophia in the city that was once Constantinople, that great Byzantine structure which has been Catholic and Greek Catholic and Moslem and Catholic again, and is once more Moslem. There is the quay of Marseilles, the old port of the Crusaders from which the statue of Notre Dame de la Garde looks over to Africa. There is the Elster Gate of the monastery at Wittenberg where Martin Luther burned the edict of excommunication directed against him. There are the Houses of Parliament at Westminster where the barons of England gave up the freedom they had won in Magna Charta to follow tamely the selfish lead of Henry VIII. There is Notre Dame of Paris, seized and desecrated by the atheist mob of the French Revolution but long since re-

stored to the Church; and there is the Red Square outside the Kremlin in Moscow.

Past these points have surged the great masses of peoples who have sought, sometimes by right means, sometimes by wrong, to find their way to that realm of justice and charity which is the only land where men may live honestly and honorably on their way back to God. Their passings and repassings have made the history of the western world. Misled at times, they have pressed forward down highways that led them not to freedom but to deeper slavery, only to have to retrace their steps wearily and despairingly. Always there glowed in their hearts hope that some day they would find the right road to justice and happiness.

Now humanity is once again on the march. A great procession of men and women, seeking redress for social and economic wrongs, demanding the justice of true freedom and a true living wage, visioning the establishment of a new world, is moving forward day and night. The war of Europe is but an emanation of the deeper, wider war that has been, for nearly a century, agitating the minds of western mankind. The war of Europe may end with a treaty which may settle, for a

*64 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill. November, 1940.

brief time, geographical boundaries and political affairs; but the deeper war can be settled in no way but by a real Truce of God. It is the ages-long war for economic freedom, sometimes expressed in actual revolution, but always present in the consciousness of the oppressed.

Ever since the fall of feudalism and the rise of capitalism the elements of this struggle have been growing. In the 19th century there developed two great movements consciously directed toward the betterment of social conditions. In method they were as far apart as the poles; for one was the communism of Karl Marx and the other was the Christian social doctrine of Pope Leo XIII.

Out of the 19th century, a time that saw Bonaparte and Disraeli, Cavour and Gladstone, Jackson and Lincoln, only the German student and the Roman pontiff emerge with the ability to define the basic issues that remain to this day. The conditions seen by Marx and Leo XIII have been so little changed that they still challenge all thinking men to find a method to eradicate them. The division of thought today is no longer a division between those who would hold the *status quo* and those who would change it. It is between those who would change it by complete state domination and those who would change it by the restoration of religious, intellectual and moral order. Social disorder, said Marx, was the cause of intellectual and moral disorder. Social disorder, said Leo, was

not the cause but the result of intellectual and moral disorder. Root out these by the teaching of religion, and social disorder will die on the stem. Today, nearly 50 years after the greatest of social encyclicals, the *Rerum Novarum*, there is no sharper definition than this between the two methods of revising the social scheme of western society. Overthrow all established order and create a new state, say the Marxians, a man-planned, man-organized state without God, but in itself a god demanding the complete subservience of all its people. Hold to established order, say the Christian democrats, but within it teach men justice and charity so well that there will be no social injustice of class against class.

Even the development of fascist and Nazi ideologies have not changed the essential fact that the real conflict of our times is between the Marxian and the Christian plan for social betterment. For Nazis and fascists have taken over enough Marxian ideas of state control to make them hardly less totalitarian than Russia; and, even though they do not subscribe to the full theory of Marxian socialism, they nonetheless glorify the state at the expense of both God and God's creature, the individual.

Already the Marxian has given example of the working of his method. The disillusionment of some of the most idealistic followers of the communistic doctrine is the strongest proof of the local failure of the Lenin plan.

Against such local failure the communists put up the argument that the workings of communism cannot be fairly judged until the whole world has become communistic; and by the old means of force and diplomacy and the new means of propaganda they have set out to win the world. One of the key points necessary to their complete success is our U. S.

The only reasonable Catholic course is to accept the fact that the social condition of our nation is bad and that we, as Catholics, have the remedy if only we have the wisdom and fortitude to apply it. The remedy was given by Pope Leo in the *Rerum Novarum*, the establishment of religion and morality as the basis of society. Pope Pius XI, who reinforced the *Rerum Novarum* with his own *Quadragesimo Anno*, in which he worked out a system of occupational democracy designed to overcome the economic inequalities of modern capitalism, saw the intimate relationship of religion and citizenship. He saw, too, the importance of the U. S., and, with amazing foresight, delegated to the American hierarchy the task of formulating "a constructive program of social action, fitted in detail to local needs, which will command the admiration and acceptance of all right-thinking men." The bishops, in response to the pope's appeal, instructed the Catholic University of America to prepare a program of civic education based on ethical principles, for ethical

principles alone, they held, "would make men respect their own rights and the rights of their fellow citizens."

This is the definite job given by the university to the Commission on American Citizenship. The rector of the university has invited more than 100 men and women of many different racial, religious and social groups, whose otherwise diversified interests are united in a common desire to better our American way of life, to become members of the organization. An executive committee, of which Msgr. Francis J. Haas, dean of the School of Social Service of the university, is chairman, and Dr. George Johnson, secretary of the Catholic Education Association, and Dr. Robert H. Connerly are members, directs the work of the commission. Aiding them is an advisory committee, composed of ten leading American educators, both Catholic and non-Catholic. Other co-operative agencies are the diocesan superintendents of schools and the supervisors of social studies in various religious orders.

For a little more than a year the commission has been working upon its projected program, definitely based upon religion. It has examined dozens of curricula. It is working on a group of readers for parochial schools. It is establishing and maintaining associations with other agencies of education.

It is possible to make over an adult world, but it is far easier to create the

adult world of the next generation by the training of the children of this generation. Catholics are a minority in our nation, but, if we put into effect an educational program which will train the men and women of tomorrow into good citizenship, into consciousness of their obligations to others as well as of their own rights, we shall have the most highly intelligent and forward-

looking minority in any country of our time. We shall have gone far enough that some future historian, seeing the work of Catholic citizens in the U. S., may one day choose one of our cities as an 8th crossroad point of civilization, and write of it: Here mankind, seeking peace, found and held it by knowledge and use of the Christian principles of morality and religion.



Brotherhood of Priests

There happens to be in this world of strange social conventions one friendship that transcends all conventions and knows no rules. It is the brotherhood of Catholic priests. There is not, I swear it, under the stars an intimacy more reckless or more profound than the bond between one Catholic levite and another.

It needs no coaxing, no prelude, no ritual. It is subject to no formality. We meet and possess one another instantly. There is not the shadow of a barrier between us, neither age, nor antecedents, nor nationality, nor climate, nor color of skin.

Ours is a blunt, rough-hewn affection. It almost forgets to be polite. I can sit at his table without invitation; sit in his study and read his books before I have ever met him; borrow his money or his clothes with no security.

His home is my home; his fireside, my fireside; his altar, my altar. I can give him my confidence promptly and without reserve. I can neither edify nor scandalize him. We can quarrel without offense, praise each other without flattery, or sit silently and say nothing and be mutually circumvented.

How and why all this can happen is our own precious secret. It is the secret of men who climb a lonely drawbridge, mount a narrow stair, and sleep in a lofty citadel that floats a white flag.

Singly we go, independent and unpossessed, establishing no generation, each a conclusion of his race and name; yet always companioning one another with a strange sympathy, too tender to be called friendship, too sturdy to be called love, but which God will find a name for when He searches our hearts in eternity.

Leonard Feeney, S.J., in *Fish on Friday*.

Founder of Westminster Abbey

Condensed from the *Irish Catholic**

Labor of love

When Edward the Confessor ascended the throne in 1042 he built a royal palace for himself close to a little Benedictine abbey, on Thorney Isle, by that time called Westminster, from its position west of London. But his great work was the famous abbey which he designed for his burial place. It was 15 years a-building. The king took great pains with it and devoted to it a tenth of all his substance. Just as the church was completed, Edward fell ill and was unable to be present at its consecration, which took place on Holy Innocents Day, 1065.

"Magnificently finished was the church," says an old writer, and when the sound of the singing floated across the royal palace, Edward murmured the words, "The work stands finished," and lapsed into unconsciousness. He died on Jan. 5, 1066, and was buried on Epiphany.

King Edward was canonized in 1163, and on Oct. 13 of that year his remains were transferred from his original tomb to a shrine set up in the place of honor before the high altar. The ceremony was performed at midnight.

The monks who were present when the tomb was opened said that, although the Confessor had been buried almost a century, his body remained

incorrupt. Even the funeral garments in which he was clad were in good condition, and the abbot had two copes made from the material. These were afterwards preserved as relics.

Westminster Abbey, as seen today, is the growth of five centuries, but the main part of it is the work of Henry III, who thought that the building, in its stately simplicity, was not splendid enough to hold the shrine of the sainted king, and determined to raise in his honor the "most beautiful thing in Christendom."

Henry engaged the finest London goldsmiths to fashion a new shrine of sheet gold to contain his predecessor's remains. This took the form of a gable-roofed structure with niches around the side, in each of which stood a golden image, and the shrine was also adorned with precious stones and inlays of enamel.

He also began the rebuilding of the Abbey church, which was consecrated on Oct. 13, 1269. On that day the golden shrine was set upon the marble and mosaic pedestal which still exists, the king and his sons assisting in carrying it into the church.

Up to the time of the Reformation the church of the Abbey was not only the scene of coronations, marriages and burials of royal personages, but it was

*36 Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin, Ireland. Oct. 10, 1940.

closely connected in other ways with the feelings both of king and people. Although dedicated to St. Peter, the church was practically that of St. Edward the Confessor, and innumerable pilgrims repaired to his richly decorated shrine, at which miracles of healing were wrought.

Unhappily, the desecrating hand of the reformer has stripped the noble structure of much of its former glory; mutilated its shrines, destroyed its images and confiscated its treasures, leaving only the wealth of beauty in sculptured stone which could not be taken from it.



In the Catholic schools a written catechism constitutes one of the textbooks. In the secular schools and universities there is no written catechism. But there is an unwritten one. If that catechism were to be put into writing, it would look and read somewhat as follows:

1. Q. Who made the world?
A. Nobody made the world.
2. Q. Who is nobody?
A. Nobody is the creator of the earth and of all things.
3. Q. What is man?
A. Man is a combination of chemicals made to the image and likeness of a monkey.
4. Q. Why did nobody make you?
A. Nobody knows.
5. Q. How shall we know the things which we are to believe?
A. We shall know the things which we are to believe from what we read in newspapers and magazines and from what we hear on the radio.
6. Q. How did nobody create the earth and all things?
A. Nobody created the earth and all things by means of evolution.
7. Q. Who were the first man and woman?
A. The first man and woman were two monkeys.
8. Q. Who alone are infallible?
A. Professors and scientists alone are infallible.
9. Q. What do you mean by the infallibility of professors and scientists?
A. By the infallibility of professors and scientists, I mean that when teaching in the fields for which they have received Ph.D.'s they cannot err.
10. Q. What happens to man after death?
A. After death man becomes fertilizer.
11. Q. Is that the end of all?
A. That is the end of all.

A Catholic Communal State

By CHAD STACEY

The abundant life

Condensed from *Columba**

Between the communism of today and a Catholic communal state in South America 350 years ago there is a mountain of difference. Communism takes away God and the fundamental rights of man. The Catholic communal state enthroned God as the center of life, based the community of life and goods on the voluntary participation of its citizens, and recognized and carefully guarded the rights of all.

The men who founded this state were the Jesuits, and their "subjects" were Indians. The story of this undertaking has a profound lesson for this age, which has so completely lost the art of living.

At the dawn of the 17th century, Spain and Portugal held sway in South America. For the first time, the numerous tribes of Indians, who led a nomadic life amid the woods and plains of that vast territory, found a common enemy to divert them from intertribal warfare. The fiercest among them kept to the hinterland and raided the white settlements when chance offered; others, more pacific, allowed themselves to become the virtual slaves of the colonizers, who proved to be, paradoxically, both apostles of the faith to the Indians and their oppressors.

When the Jesuits arrived, they saw

that the only way to save the Indian was to isolate him from all European contacts. It was this that gave rise to those Indian townships, built by the Jesuits in the territory watered by the Parana, Paraguay and Uruguay Rivers, and known as the Paraguay Reductions.

In all, there were 30 reductions, each containing an average of about 4,000 Indians. In charge of each were two Jesuits. No Spaniard was allowed inside, and the townships were set up far from white settlements.

The basic rule of life in the reductions was that it was communal. Each Indian did his share of work, and in return was provided with his home, food, clothing and pleasures. Everything in the towns, the fields, the huge ranches with their innumerable cattle, the buildings, the produce, all were the property of the community. One portion was set aside for widows and orphans.

There was one cardinal social crime that debarred a man from reaping the fruits of his citizenship. That was idleness. Unless a man worked, no provision was made for him. The slothful were forced to either mend their ways or revert to the primitive life of the woods.

*81 Berkeley St., Glasgow, C. 3, Scotland. November, 1940.

Private property, however, was not completely abandoned. Some of the Indians owned horses and cattle, and had their own gardens. But they had to sell all surplus produce to the Jesuits, who gave in return such things as ornaments, cloth, knives and scissors. The produce was added to the common stock.

Although the reductions were abundantly productive in fruit, meat, bread and vegetables, there were many necessities that had to be bought. To obtain these the Jesuits made periodic trips to the towns, bartering the produce of the reductions against materials needed. The chief commodity so disposed was a tea called yerba maté, which the Indians cultivated in great amounts.

Money was unknown to the Indians. Their wealth lay in the soil and their own labors. For 160 years, from 1607 until 1767, when the Jesuits were expelled from Paraguay, successive generations of Christian Indians lived according to this communal plan.

The missions of the Jesuits were scattered over hundreds of miles, from Santa Maria la Mayor, in Paraguay, to San Miguel, in what is now Brazil. Here, on the rolling plains, crisscrossed by wood-banked streams, travelers might come across the palisades of the hermit-like habitations of the Christian Indians. On the plains were hundreds of thousands of cattle, cropping the fine, short grass that grew in profusion. Many of the plants supplied raw ma-

terials such as resin and vegetable silk. In the woods, oranges, lemons and the sweet lime grew wild.

Each township was the twin of each of the others. Not only was there a daily routine of prayer, work and rest common to all, but the plan of the buildings and their layout conformed in the main to one model.

The reductions were square-cut. Around a central plot, with grass so fine and short as to have the quality almost of a lawn, were grouped the buildings, the church and storehouses at one side, and long rows of dwellings bordering the others. These dwellings were grouped together under the single roof of an enormously long bungalow, one housing sometimes as many as 100 families. Each home was separated from its neighbors by thin plaster walls. A veranda ran the length of the building.

About the churches there was nothing primitive. Some there were which, from the point of view of architecture and luxury of appointment, could challenge many of the more pretentious churches of Spain. And why should this not be? There were skilled architects among the Jesuits, labor was plentiful and willing, and haste did not intrude to lay destructive hands on the fabric. Statuary was brought from Spain to furnish them.

Alongside the churches were walled-in enclosures. In them stood the houses of the priests, with their gardens and

courtyards, stables and guesthouse, and also the storehouses for the corn, wheat and wool. There were stored there also the imported provisions and the community's armaments.

The Indians of the reductions bore arms, under license from the king, for their defense against marauding Europeans and on behalf of Spain. The king had no more loyal subjects than these natives, and when their services were demanded they fought and died in great numbers. Mainly, their lives were placid, a blending of work, prayer and pleasure, where music charmed away the lighter moments of the day and sufficiency and security vouched for the morrow.

In the reductions the main industries were agriculture and cattle raising. The ranch was the more natural habitat of the Indian, who was a horseman almost as soon as he could walk. The fields meant steady application, a rhythm that the naturally indolent Indian did not relish. The Jesuits had a hard task to subdue, if not to eradicate, that indolence, and they used those arts of suasion to which their neophytes were most amenable.

Every morning would be enacted a scene which would seem strange to Anglo-Saxon eyes. To the fields went a long procession, led by the statue of a saint. The procession did not walk. It danced, to the music of flutes and other instruments. Every so often there

was a pause, at a wayside shrine, where the music stopped and prayers were said.

As the procession continued, it dwindled, for groups were all the time "alighting" at their own particular fields. Finally, there remained only the priests and musicians. The reductions were at work.

At mealtimes the workers united to sing hymns. At sundown the procession reformed and retraced its steps, the dancing feet a little less agile, perhaps, but countenances all contented.

Before supper, the Indians gathered in church to say the rosary.

Farming and ranching did not exhaust the new-found capabilities of the Paraguayan Christian Indians. There were workshops where, trained by their versatile pastors, they wove cotton, tanned leather, made hats, casks, cord, boats, carts, as well as more artistic objects, such as musical instruments and silverware. They copied manuscripts and printed books, and they painted in delicate colors.

Theirs was a simple, honest, contented life. Their empire fell at long last only because of the malice of enemies.

The world today, perhaps, cannot revert to the simple life of those Indians of so many years ago, but at least it can learn the lesson it teaches: that happiness comes when God is honored and the gifts He bestows are used in the way He designed.

Five Little Sweethearts

They started a gold rush

By PHILIP A. NOVIKOFF

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

The date was May 28, 1934. The time, 7:50 A. M.

The editorial office of the tri-weekly *North Bay Nugget* was ghostlike in the early morning stillness. Only the rustling of paper was heard as the editor, E. H. Bunyon, waded through a mass of wire copy that had come in during the night. Not much news this morning, he mused, as he plied his blue pencil.

He leaned back in his swivel chair and yawned. Why the deuce didn't something happen around North Bay? Something like another gold rush.

The burring of the phone brought the editor out of the depths of gloom. He reached for the instrument and muttered, "Yeah?"

"Is this the newspaper in North Bay?" The man's voice carried a slight French-Canadian accent.

"Yeah, this is. Whadaya want?"

"How much do you charge for a birth notice for one baby?"

"Fifty cents."

"How much for five?"

"Five babies? That will be five notices: \$2.50, of course," Bunyon growled irritably, appalled at the mathematical ignorance of some people.

"No, no," said the voice, "I don't want five notices. I want only one.

You see, my brother's wife had five babies at 5:30 this morning. Yes, they're all alive. My brother's name is Oliva. He lives on a farm near Callander. I'm Leon Dionne. I work in the garage at Callander. If anytime you're down here and want your car fixed—"

But the editor had hung up. No longer was he bored. Here was news.

Quickly he scrawled out a 50-word flash and dispatched it by wire to the Canadian Press in Toronto. Telegraph wires began to hum across Canada. "Five babies born to Ontario couple!" The A. P. and the U. P. news services picked up the story. Soon wire editors of every daily newspaper in the U. S. were reading about the event.

And while a linotype operator on a San Francisco paper was putting the brief item from North Bay, Canada, into lead type, a knock came at the door of Father Daniel Routhier's rectory in the parish of Corbeil, a small French-Canadian settlement south of North Bay and near Callander.

When he opened the door he found a Red Cross nurse, Marie Clothier, standing there. She was agog with excitement.

"Father Routhier!" she cried, "Mrs. Oliva Dionne is a mother again!"

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. December, 1940.

Father Routhier was always glad to hear of an increase in the family of one of his parishioners. "That makes six children altogether for the Dionnes, doesn't it, nurse?" he said.

"No, Father. It makes ten," the pretty nurse replied. "Five babies were born to Mrs. Dionne early this morning. Quintuplets, Father! Quintuplets!"

For a moment Father Routhier was speechless. Then he took hold of himself.

"But what are you doing here?" he snapped. "Get a nurse to the Dionne home immediately! Get two nurses! If there is any cost for services I'll be directly responsible."

He hurried to the Dionne farm home. Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, diminutive and white-haired, was already there. Mesdames Labelle and Legros, two neighboring midwives, who had assisted at the births of the first two babies even before the doctor had arrived on the scene, were chattering like a couple of mother hens.

Nestled in a grocery basket were five tiny mites of humanity, weighing hardly two pounds each. Their little faces were blue with cold, despite the fact that they were wrapped in every rag and blanket that could be found in the place.

"Will they live, doctor?" whispered the amazed priest.

"We can only hope and pray that they will, Father," answered Dr. Dafoe. Then, "We need an incubator in a

hurry to keep them from freezing to death."

There followed long-distance phone calls to Toronto, to other Ontario cities. But no incubator could be had anywhere in the province. When everything seemed hopeless, Dr. Dafoe received a call from the editor of a Chicago newspaper. "I hear you have quintuplets in Callander," he said. "Do you want an incubator?"

"Yes, but I haven't the money to pay for it," said the doctor.

"Who said anything about paying? It's a gift from the paper," spoke the editor.

"Then send it right up," the doctor replied, feeling vastly relieved. "And hurry, or the babies will die," he added.

But the danger period was not by any means over when the Quints were tucked into their new "hot-house" home. The night of June 1 was a bad one for all five babies. At daybreak they were all weaker. Marie was much worse than the rest. Her heart action was so bad that at times it seemed to stop altogether. When the doctor visited them at 8 A. M., June 2, he had little hope for their survival.

In the meantime, Father Routhier said Mass for them in his little church. Then, joy of joys, the prayers seemed to have accomplished what medical aid was unable to do. By noon the babies were reported to be better than ever. They had won back all the ground they had lost in their struggle for life.

Even Marie was stronger. Her little heart was pumping away more regularly than it had since she was born five days before.

It wasn't many hours after their birth that a strange and tensely excited army of men swept into the sleepy village of Callander. In its ranks were reporters from great newspapers in Canada and the U. S. Veteran headline hunters who had covered wars, murders, floods were now trying to outcoop each other on a story about babies. A smile, a gurgle or a sob from any one of the babies was enough to cause a mad stampede to the telegraph office or to telephones if the deadline was near. By June 12 some 100,000 words of news copy about the Quints were filed at the telegraph office at North Bay!

With the newshounds came a flock of doctors and child specialists who were followed by thousands of tourists, all with only one wish: to see these five marvelous creations of God.

Business in Callander boomed. The single hotel was filled to the roof. Tourist homes sprang up. Refreshment and souvenir booths were erected all along the rutted trail from Callander to the Dionne farm, two and a half miles away. Real estate values zoomed sky high. One piece of land that was purchased for \$200 before May 28, 1934, could not be bought for \$6,000 after that date. Storekeepers increased their staffs to handle the annual flood of 500,000 tourists. Here *was* a gold rush!

The government of Ontario built a new three-lane paved highway to replace the single-tracked bush trail. A commodious hospital to house the Quints was erected near the Dionne home. Hydroelectric power was run in. The Quints were put on show to the tourists, free of charge. First they were shown in their nursery. But later, after they were able to run about, the show took place in a large, fenced-off yard.

But no one lost anything by putting on this greatest free show on earth. It is estimated that from American tourists who came to see the Quints the province of Ontario collected \$90,000 yearly in gasoline tax alone. Oliva Dionne, the girls' father, put up three stores in the neighborhood. In one of them he sits at a table and signs autographs for 25c each. Even the two midwives are cashing in at their own souvenir stand.

The education of the Quints is being carried out under the supervision of the Ontario department of education. At first only French was taught them. One of the first words in their vocabulary was *Jesu*. Now that they've reached their 6th birthday, and since their movie company has demanded that they speak English in their next film, they are being tutored in both languages.

The Quints' religious education is not neglected. Every morning and night they say their prayers. Although

they are still very young, they have a definite conception of God and already know the primary lessons in the Catechism. Every Sunday morning they attend Mass in their nursery before a portable altar. Only a few months ago they made their First Communion. Father V. E. Pilon, the third priest the parish has had since their birth, is their spiritual guide.

Father Pilon likes to recall the Quints' first Mass. "They were so anxious to see what I was doing at the altar that they kept edging closer and closer to me. Towards the end of the Mass they were all around me, their little mouths wide open."

The Quints, he says, are the most inquisitive persons (outside of reporters) he has ever seen. Anything new attracts their attention and invariably educes a quintuple barrage of interrogations.

The volume of mail which the Quints receive from their fans all over the world is monumental. There are hundreds of letters asking for money, but the greatest percentage are merely

friendly and informative messages.

Yvonne once received a letter from an ambitious young Adonis from Cincinnati. The missive read:

"Dear Yvonne: I have liked you very much since I seen your picture. I want to be the one to marry you when we are grown. I am nine next month. I am going to keep my promise with you so don't forget I ask you first. My name is Bobbie. Not sutch a hot name, is it?

"I am going to be president when Mr. Roosevelt gets done being it. Would you like to live in the White House? You can be president when I am fighting wars.

"Don't tell the kids or they will tease us. I think you are prettier than your sisters. I have two sisters and they are not so hot looking. I got curly hair and dimples but I won't pay no tension to other girls but you.

Your first husband,
Bobbie—XXXX."

So who knows but that some day one of the Quintuplets may be the First Lady of America.



Frank Sheed tells of the meeting of Father Martindale in the third-class compartment of a train with a non-Conformist miner, contempt for all priestcraft in his narrow eyes and set lips. Silence. Glaring silence. At length the miner feels moved to make clear that he is refusing to talk, not from any sense of diffidence. Not he. Positive policy. Deliberate disgust.

"Parsons is *bloody*!" he spits out.

"There's bloodier," from Father Martindale, blandly.

"Well, I'm damned."

"Not yet," said the priest.

Edward Duff, S.J., in the *Preservation of the Faith* (Dec. '40).

Between the Lines

Small-time profiteers

By H. C. McGINNIS

Condensed from the *Grail**

When Lord Beaverbrook, the British minister for aircraft production, called upon housewives to give up their aluminum pots and pans to help out in vital aircraft production, the response was so generous there is cause to wonder if the British are living on sandwiches. But our applause for their sacrifices changes to cries of "Chumps!" when we learn that Lord Beaverbrook has a brand new Grumman G-21, twin-motored amphibian tucked away in a hangar at Red Bank, N. J. Aircraft of this type are priceless for anti-submarine work in the waters surrounding Britain but evidently Lord Beaverbrook feels that a conveyance for himself is more valuable.

But probably the hard-pressed British get a relieving chuckle when their journalists point at the U. S. When they look this way they see a country willing to gamble our impregnability by turning over the biggest part of our war material production to Britain while we need it so badly ourselves. The American citizen, nobly suppressing his squawks when he sees part of his none-too-large air force being sent to Britain in addition to 75% of all new production, corresponds in the picture to the patriotic British housewife lugging her last skillet to the supply depot.

These people form the inspiring part of the picture; men like Lord Beaverbrook and Secretary Morgenthau form the part not so nice to look at.

In spite of the shortage of training craft for the thousands of pilots we must produce, Secretary Morgenthau has at his disposal a big, twin-motored Lockheed *Lodestar* which is assigned to the Coast Guard Service. This ship, costing around \$85,000 of tax money, is used by the secretary and his friends for week-end excursions continually. With its pilot, co-pilot, and mechanic, government-paid men, and its luxurious fittings which include even an icebox, it forms a personal excursion service, while our air officers ask themselves where they are going to get the planes to train the men we need so desperately for national defense. Of course the *Lodestar* isn't a new chapter in the secretary's social life; it simply replaces the smaller Lockheed *Electra*, worn out in similar service.

The personal use of government property is a form of racket and should be suppressed as any other racket. It causes the wrong state of mind when government officials are permitted to usurp, for their private use, materials which are sorely needed for the national good. Since the responsibilities for

**St. Meinrad, Ind. December, 1940.*

proper functioning of a democracy fall upon the shoulders of individual citizens, it is their duty to insist that our public officials remain public servants and not public overlords. It was the French army's discovery of government shenanigans that caused it to decide its government wasn't worth defending, and we see the result. It was things of this kind that made communism possible in Russia and other countries. And what the British commoner would do if he learned about Lord Beaverbrook's Grumman in Red Bank wouldn't be nice to see; but British censorship will take care of that for the time being.

Most Americans realize that in a successful democracy the "all for one and one for all" spirit must prevail; but, unfortunately, there are some who have already begun to cash in on the aroused patriotism of their fellow men. The new defense taxes open a virgin field for profiteering and despite the vivid lessons of what happens in democracies when dollars win out over ethics, some have seized the present crisis as a get-rich opportunity.

When European events cast threatening shadows over the Western Hemisphere, we cheerfully agreed to pay the biggest peacetime tax item ever shouldered by any people. The federal government accordingly increased, among other items, its liquor tax 75c a gallon, or about 19c a quart. The average retailer sells one ounce of ordinary

liquor for a dime, and an increase of 1c an ounce, of 10% of the retail price, would produce 168% of the tax increase. The excess 68% is unavoidable, for we have no coins representing fractions of cents; but many retailers have met the increased tax by charging 15c for the usual 10c drink, sticking roughly 4.4c into their own pockets in addition to the usual profit. On a gallon they give Uncle Sam 75c defense tax and take an additional 5.65 for their pains in collecting it. Ten-cent beer, with a defense tax of less than 1c, has been raised in places to 15c.

In some instances, the retailers make out that they are justified in doing this, but a fair and impartial examination of the facts reveals they aren't. In some states there is a liquor relief tax. When this relief tax was imposed, many retailers absorbed it instead of raising their prices. This was done mainly because of keen competition, for when a few, anxious to increase their business, offered to absorb the tax the others felt compelled to follow along for business reasons. Yet many of the same dealers who stoutly insisted the public would not stand a 1c increase to feed the needy and destitute, now ask a 5c raise, of which about 4½c goes into their own pockets, simply because they see American patriots cheerfully putting their hands into their pockets for defense purposes.

Profiteering in the liquor business is not the sole field of this evil. The

federal increase on cigarettes amounts to $\frac{1}{2}$ c a package. Obviously, in single package sales, an increase of a full 100% over the increased tax must be added, since we have no half-cent coins. Those dealers who do not care to profit at patriotism's expense are perforce accepting the additional $\frac{1}{2}$ c on single sales, but in cases of two-package sales are increasing the previous price by only 1c for the two packages, thus adding the exact amount of the federal increase. But others are doing much better for themselves. Some vending-machine operators are charging an additional 2c a package, giving Uncle Sam an added $\frac{1}{2}$ c and taking $1\frac{1}{2}$ c for themselves. In other words, on each sale they are collecting an additional 300% over the new tax. If the new defense budget were to be paid by

cigarette taxes all sold at the 2c increase, the public would be required to pay four times the amount of the defense budget in increased prices, three times the amount of the defense budget going to the retailers. The vendors use the excuse that this increase is due to the added cost of handling and collecting the new tax. If this be true, then vending machine cigarettes at such prices are an expensive luxury for people who are saving their pennies for defense purposes.

Since these new defense taxes are only the first of many, it is imperative we begin right if our democracy is to continue safe and sound. "Billions for defense, but not a single cent for profiteering!" should become a national watchword with teeth in it, bulwarked by the force of adequate public opinion.



Flights of Fancy

Personable in a Percheron fashion.
—*J. C. Long.*

Waiting like ice cream on a spoon.—*Dorothy Marie Davis.*

Restless as spilled mercury.—*Rupert Hughes.*

With bishoplike assurance.—*J. Frank Dobie.*

A meeting of the bored.—*Margaret Bell Houston.*

A mouth which ought to be left out in the woods to catch bears.—*Margaret Halsey.*

The long day, wriggling imperceptibly forward through the rain.—*Margaret Halsey.*

As calm as a clam.—*Edith Herring.*

Cleanup of all subversive outfits, including the Scummunists.—*Walter Winchell.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Editor.]

Aviators and the "Unknown"

By BOB DAVIS

Condensed from the *New York Sun**

The best place in New York to hear a new story, learn of a Guy Fawkes plot to bomb a House committee or a new way to blackjack a quorum of the board of governors, is the 57th-Street front-window chairs of the Lotos Club.

Members of the Front Window Club are neither elected nor appointed. One joins by the process of seizure, holding the chair as long as his conversation entertains those present. Failing, he gets the gong like any other amateur and passes on.

There are occasions when the Front Window Club gets a legitimate thrill and adjourns hushed into acquiescence by the quality of the unfolding tale. We had such a meeting recently. Some one asked the simple question, "In what way do soldiers, sailors and air men differ?"

"I should say, if you are asking me," spoke up Harry A. Bruno, who had at 17 slipped from a 40-foot cliff, glided 265 yards in the air and landed with the grace of a muffed skeet target settling on the grass, "that they are all pretty much alike in their normal reactions, only aviators are nearer to the unknown, and in closer touch with the infinite than any other class of men. Thirty years of intimate association

with flyers have convinced me that in cases calling for definite action they respond automatically, rather than through reflection."

"Do they think faster than average men?" asked a listener.

"I wouldn't be able to answer that question," said Harry, "but they certainly act faster. The man who flies must develop to the nth degree those faculties upon which tenure of life depend. His intuitive sense is keener than his reasoning power, his justification for experiment, or his right to deliberate. Aware of the instability of the medium in which he operates, he comes finally, and with no reservation, to the conclusion that there is a superior force guarding his destiny, that he is face to face with elements uncontrolled by man. Aloft and alone with his reflections, he conceives that force to be something beyond his understanding: spiritual and supreme, in some cases inviting recklessness."

"Do you approve of that?" asked Ed Rockafellow.

"I approve of any state of mind that an aviator conceives to be the proper thing at a given moment. Timidity is not part of a flying man's composition. Caution, yes. But not hesitation. On the wing, once in motion: onward. For

**New York City. Jan. 13, 1940.*

30 years it has been my privilege to advise and consult with many flyers who have become famous, to know them before and after they had attained supremacy. Every one of them believed that once he entered into the vastness of space, the hand of the Maker was cupped under his machine. One cannot attain the firmament midst the sun and the stars without sensing that he rides in the company of some invisible Power.

"Wiley Post, deaf, blind in one eye, of very little education, but mechanically efficient, told me that early in his flying career he realized that the two enemies he had to fight were physical infirmity and mental fatigue, although he lived in the tranquil belief that he was under the guardianship of a higher Power. For several months prior to his round-the-world flight with Harold Gatty he trained himself to keep his mind a total blank, flying his plane automatically without drawing upon his mental powers. All action was under the influence of his subconscious mind. He understood only self-deter-

mination and nothing of the psychological effect of it. By the simple process of never sleeping during the same hours on any two days of the week, he was able to control his slumber and maintain an alert mental state.

"Lindbergh has similar control of sleep and leaves much to his subconscious mind. Before the flight to Paris, he concentrated on his most pressing problem, navigation of the ocean from the air. We put him to bed the night before the take-off scheduled for dawn, but instead of sleeping he spent his last hours mentally reckoning his course. Just before the *Spirit of St. Louis* started eastward he said, 'I'll wire you from Paris.' Not an idle boast, but the statement of a man whose intuitions told him that he would get there.

"Air Commander P. F. M. Fellows, leader of the aerial expedition which conquered Mt. Everest, assured me that, while pitching and tossing in the rough air among the mountain peaks, for the first time in his life he felt himself in the presence of the Deity, as indicated by a strange mental peace."



Big Subject

The great coleopterist lay dying. With his last breathings came the murmur, "A wasted life! A wasted life!"

"Why do you say that?" asked his wife. "Is it because you spent your life studying beetles?"

"No," gasped the sufferer, "but because I studied more than one beetle."

Ella Frances Lynch in the *Preservation of the Faith* (Dec. '40).

Let's Do Something About Housing

By RICHARD L.G. DEVERALL

Uncommon sense

Condensed from the *Catholic Rural Life Bulletin**

The average American farm home has two and one-half rooms and three windows, and in some sections as many as eight or ten people live in one room. I spent two days down in Mississippi with some Negro tenant farmers and shared their floor bed in one room with the two parents and eight children. Their "house" was made of rough timbers covered with tin cans rolled out, and finished off inside with newspapers tacked on the rafters. In Kentucky I have stayed with ten-generation American families who lived in one-room log cabins that must have been old when Daniel Boone was out shooting squirrels and redskins.

According to the census, six out of seven of our 6 million farm homes have no running water. Water is obtained from wells often of questionable sanitary value. Indeed, over 10,000 farm families out in California actually find their water supply in the county ditch!

Six out of seven farm families in America have no sanitary facilities, almost as many have no electric lights, and the heating situation is often worse than that in the poorest European countries.

Housing in parts of soviet Russia and fascist Italy put us to shame, for even dictator nations know that unless

a robust peasantry is kept living like human beings there is no future for the state.

Summing up, we again quote the census and say that only one out of every 20 rural homes in America comes up to the traditional American standard of a decent American home. In other words, of our 6 million farm homes, only 300,000 are decent American homes. The rest are a disgrace to the nation.

I remember stopping off at a small North Carolina village up in the Great Smoky Mountains some years ago. We chatted with a farmer who was busy cultivating tobacco. His sons worked in a furniture mill in town for \$6 per week, literally throwing away the labor which they might have used to real economic and spiritual advantage at home.

"Mister, you cain't do nothing different than we do. Why, we allus done what we do now. Work the patch, sell what you can for what you get, hire out the boys, and hope to God you have enough in by fall to keep body and soul together until next planting."

We told him that this is *not* what his fathers had always done. There was a time, not so long ago, when the home was a self-subsisting economic unit.

*240 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn. November, 1940.

Practically everything needed for life and its proper enjoyment was made in the home. Pa and the boys did the heavy work on the farm. Ma and the girls did most of the chores. They spent their summers working out on God's good soil, and when winter came they spun wool, wove cloth, and made their clothes. They made their candles, shot, shoes, and just about everything else from soap to soup. They didn't rely upon the speculators in the Richmond or Charleston tobacco market, nor did they worry about what the "market price" would be. They lived, died, founded more families, and depressions never bothered them too much. They always ate, and they even made their own fun with their neighbors. They had not yet degenerated to the point where the family had to visit a mental flop house to see the "pitchers" and get a lot of wild ideas.

That old hillbilly farmer shook my hand when I left. He said, "You hain't got no horny hands from work, but you got good ideas. I'm gonna talk to the boys."

Well, the ideas were not mine; they are as old as man. They are plain common sense. The only trouble is that common sense is so downright uncommon in this machine age of manufactured ideas and canned propaganda that it sounds like something new.

I think of Charles E. Madden of Rochester, Mich., and the house which his daughter and her husband built for

themselves. They dug their own gravel, and they mixed their own concrete. They built a double-walled, reinforced concrete house of five rooms. They paid for it as they worked, and they worked on it a few week ends of each month. They were married last Decoration Day; they moved into their five-room concrete house, and the cost of \$500 was completely paid. Their rent from now on amounts to \$2 a month for taxes. What they would otherwise pay to a landlord will go for babies, furniture and the beginnings of a subsistence farm.*

What they did can be done by any other person. They wrote to the Portland Cement Association and got free literature on housebuilding with concrete (the finest type of house yet built, and don't let any contractor kid you on it). They discovered that to build the concrete shell by themselves would cost only \$350. The rest of the money went into lighting, plumbing, and the small oilstove which heats their well-insulated home (the double walls give an air pocket which is a 200% better insulator than sheet rock or any of the other synthetic stuff offered in high-priced advertisements). In fact, the type of construction was so good, so fine and so lasting, that even the FHA has approved the method.

If you want to know more about this, write me a letter. I will be delighted to tell you all about it, and how to do it.

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dec., '39, p. 45; Apr., '40, p. 11.

Talk about it with your neighbors. You can build barns and houses, feed troughs and a hundred other things, and with your own gravel and cement at 50c a bag!

There is another type of house which fits in well with any place where there are lots of stones. The Flag system of building stone houses has proved itself. Young couples or old can gather stones, mix mortar, and build a house in spare time. If you write to the School of Living, Suffern, N. Y., they will give you complete information about this.

And then there is the rammed earth house, hundreds of which have been constructed. By taking clay and ramming it between forms, a sturdy wall can be constructed. For utter durability, cement is painted on outside and inside, and a finer house you cannot find. And that, of course, can be checked by writing to the Michigan State College, Department of Agricultural Engineering, East Lansing, Mich. They know all about it and would be happy to tell you more.

Of course, the concrete house is nearest to my heart, for it is the finest home and can be made the most easily. If you don't believe me, write to Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti of Granger, Iowa, who personally inspected one of the houses which we built in Michigan last year.

Up in Connecticut a Catholic priest, Father Dunn, wanted a church.* He had little money, and he also did not

want to burden his people with a debt.

Father Dunn was a farmer and an all-round priest who really understood his people and their spirit. He got his farmers together and they planned a stone church. Stones are plentiful up in Connecticut, and every Sunday each farmer brought a load of stones to church in the back of his wagon or in the Model T.

Every Saturday the farm boys and girls would come in and work with Father Dunn. They dug the foundations, and they built the walls. When they had finished, they all went to confession, had a dinner and danced until it was time to go home.

As the months passed, there arose a beautiful stone church, owned free and clear. It is a people's church. And incidentally, most of the Protestants became Catholics before it was done. They just couldn't help loving a priest who cured souls, and knew how to be a farmer and how to lay stones and pour concrete.

Tompkinsville, Nova Scotia, is called after Father Jimmy Tompkins, pioneer in the Nova Scotia cooperative movement. It is a lot better to name a town after a priest than to call a priest a lot of names. And the moral is obvious.

Well, they had a few rocks and much wood at Tompkinsville, so Father Jimmy got his men to study building construction. They didn't have a cent to their names, but they had a priest-leader, and they had brains and brawn.

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Aug., '39, p. 86.

During a winter they built model houses in order to learn all about the practical engineering of home construction. That kept up their interest as well as teaching them a lot about house-building.

When spring came, the men worked in groups of four or six. They dug foundations, used their rocks for the foundation walls, and hewed wood for the rafters and the frame of the house.

By using their own powers of body and mind, they built their own houses step by step. Today the poor Nova Scotia miners have found a way to better housing.

They didn't get it from the government. They didn't saddle themselves with debt. They just talked common sense with their pastor, and they used the brain and the brawn God gave them.



Church Unity Octave

In 1907 the Unity Octave of prayer was instituted with the purpose of inspiring Christians to pray for the uniting of Christian Churches. The pioneers of the movement were the Anglican clergymen, Rev. Spenser Jones, and the late superior general of the Society of Atonement (an American Catholic Congregation), the Very Rev. James Francis Paul. The Octave consists of special prayer offered daily from Jan. 18 to 25 every year, i. e., between the feasts of St. Peter and St. Paul.

This Octave is observed now in various forms and degrees throughout the whole of Christendom. At least 25% of the Anglican clergy and almost all religious communities observe it, as well as the hundreds of Lutheran parishes in Scandinavia and many French and Swiss Reformed ministers. The observance of the Octave in the Orthodox Church dates from 1935, when it was introduced for the first time in a few parishes of Western Europe and certain monasteries in the Balkan countries. Subsequently, several bishops and synods allowed the observance of the Octave in their parishes, monasteries and societies.

In the Roman Catholic Church, the Holy Father himself offers holy Mass annually on Jan. 18 for the Octave intention. All the dioceses of America, Canada and Belgium observe it, as well as the numberless dioceses and monasteries in Italy, France, Central Europe and the Near East.

From the Voice of the Church (Nov.-Dec. '39).

Is Religion a Racket?

By THOMAS A. FOX, C.S.P.

No racket, no opium, no puling

Condensed from the *Ecclesiastical Review**

Catholics who voice the notion of racket in connection with religion leave themselves open to an awful blasting, if only a priest had the heart to administer it, and were not restrained out of pity for their poor sheeplike mentality, which is at the mercy of any glib traducer. If religion were a racket, it would be an encumbrance of one kind or other. But an encumbrance on what? Their time? Surely they haven't the gall to mention that measly hour they give to Mass on Sunday morning, and those few perfunctory, scatterbrained moments they give (if they give) to prayer on weekdays? Especially, when a good third of their lives, on their own admission, is spent solely and simply in killing time.

But maybe religion is an encumbrance on their pocketbooks. Ye gods! have they the colossal cheek to wonder whether they are receiving just return for that niggardly nickel they toss in the basket on Sunday morning? Aren't the Mass and the sacraments, the education of their children, the dedicated lives of a host of priests, brothers and nuns, the churches, hospitals, asylums, a vigorous Catholic press, a mighty world-wide ecclesiastical organization, not to mention that small matter of having priests on call 24 hours a day to

rush to their sickrooms—aren't these sufficient value for their few nickels? Or even their few dollars?

But maybe religion is an opiate, drugging its adherents into abject complacency with tyranny and injustice. Some opiate! Some opiate, that transformed a band of beaten, dispirited men into audacious apostles, who faced the fury of mobs, stood up imperturbably to vested privilege and power, and were susceptible of no quietus but the headsman's ax! Some opiate, that sent great Paul coursing from end to end of the Roman empire, the very avatar of energy, vitality, *élan*!

What stupendous energy these Christians have shown in their drugged stupor! What fantastic sleepwalkers they have been! They salvaged a bankrupt empire, preserved through centuries of chaos the delicate Hellenic culture, and reared a mighty civilization and culture of their own. They subdued the fierce barbarian to the gentle yoke of the Gospel, abolished slavery and polygamy, and transformed the face of Europe. They cleared a wilderness, replacing it with fertile farms and thriving cities. They developed a host of arts and crafts, evolving a thoroughly productive society of artists and artisans. They dotted the

*1722 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. December, 1940.

Western world with monasteries, cathedrals, schools, asylums, and every conceivable source and center of social enlightenment and well-being. They developed a marvelous liturgy, a massive theology, and the only complete philosophy the world has ever known. Time and again they battled to the death powerful heresies, rallied themselves from periods of ennui and laxity, renewed their fervor and rejuvenated their energies. They shook whole continents with the martial tread of their Crusades, hurled back Tartar and Turk from the plains of Poland and from the gates of Vienna, and redeemed Spain from the thralldom of the Moor. Their explorers and missionaries braved uncharted seas, and discovered, colonized and civilized a vast new world.

Some sleepwalkers, these Christians! Some opiate, their religion! When someone tattled to Lincoln that General Grant was engaging in as many drinking bouts as battles, the president asked the brand that Grant drank so that he could send cases of it to the rest of the staff. If Christianity be an opiate, we only wish that the abject masses of Russia and Asia would change their brands. What a terrific beating the Russian people must have taken from the drug of Red propaganda, to be able to put up with Stalin! No peoples were ever more saturated with Christianity than the Poles and the Irish, and no conquered peoples have ever given their masters less peace. Truly, the Christian

religion is an opiate, that renders its adherents craven, abject, inert, listless and supine. Take the Poles, for instance, how they hurled back hordes of Tartars and circumvented the Argus-eyed agents of the Czar. Or the Irish, and how they stemmed the fury of the Reformation, made a perfect booby of Cromwell, bobbed up with undimmed wit and humor out of bloodshed and famine, tied the hands of the House of Commons and set at naught the might of Britain, fought on nearly every battlefield in modern history, migrated to the four corners of the earth and took over the government of distant cities and nations, staffed the mission fields with their gallant and learned priests: what a record for drug fiends!

It is hard to conceive of a more propitious time than the present for convincing people of the necessity of religion, since the two substitutes devised for it in the 19th century have been entirely discredited. Even readers of *Liberty* are smirking nowadays at the brainstorms of H. G. Wells; and the humanists (bless their souls!), when stacked up against Hitler and Stalin, are simply idiots trying to catch fireball pitching with bare hands. What has a Paul Elmer More, a Madariaga, a Lippman or a Dorothy Thompson with which to stem the savage onslaughts of Nihilism? There is an axiom among politicians that you cannot beat somebody with a nobody; and you cannot quell the fierce dervishes of

Berlin and Moscow with a puling agnosticism, with the preaching of men who probably harbor a sneaking suspicion of their own premises. But it is quite possible to fight fire with fire, the fiery propaganda of red and brown bolshevism with the flaming convictions and fiery propaganda of a St. Paul. We "have not received the spirit of bondage again in fear, but the spirit of adoption of sons; and if sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God, and joint heirs with Christ." You can topple the thrones of despotism and blast an empire with preaching like that, but not with the faint hopes of humanistic liberalism.

We are so chockful these days of economic gabble, we forget that the real fight on our hands is against false religion. Naziism and communism are religions, with all the drive and abandon of their first fervor. They cannot be coped with on economic grounds, or by appeals to international law, but only by a religion, by Christianity, and by Christianity at a high pitch of fervor. Of course Christianity's first fervor is ancient history this many a day. But this need not alarm us. Christianity is unique in this, that, though every false religion has had only one fervor, its first, and when that had gone, was unable to work up another, Christianity has lost its fervor several times over, and just as often has worked up another. Chesterton was chargeable with hyperbole when he entitled a

chapter of one of his books, *The Five Deaths of the Faith*. It might rather have been headed, *The Five Losses of Christian Fervor*. I think most of us now have a feeling in our bones that Christianity is working up another beautiful fervor; and when it does so—look to your thrones, despots; and Nihilists, beware!

In our zeal for the social question, with all its economic tendrils, we must not overlook the essentially religious character of the problem before us. And we are not likely to do so, if we take the Holy Father for our chief mentor. One of the great merits of the social encyclicals is that they keep the religious element always to the fore, evincing the profound wisdom of papal utterance. When you appeal to men on religious grounds, you appeal to the deepest instincts of their nature. As intelligent humanists and liberals must now recognize, men crave absolute grounds for action. There is a touch of the martyr in us all: we long to possess something for which we could gladly die. That is, we crave the absolute, and are forever reaching out to the ultimate. Possibly St. Augustine had something like this in mind when he exclaimed that our hearts were created for God, and could find no real repose apart from God. The heart of man longs to come to rest in the Absolute. Demagogues and dictators shrewdly trade on this quality in human nature when they kick aside the theorists and

launch a false religion; in other words, when they pretend to have discovered at last the absolute values (blood and race supremacy and aggrandizement, dictatorship of the proletariat, *et al.*) for which men should gladly die.

Are we going to stand by, weakly wringing our hands and viewing with alarm, while charlatans wrest millions from the bosom of the Church? Are we going to let them steal our thunder, as it were, that thunder which reverberated from end to end of the Roman Empire when first it rolled from the lips of great Paul, that emptied the temples of paganism, nerved thousands for martyrdom, and in a few brief centuries converted the Western world? The treasury of Christian doctrine has suffered no depletion. We have lost

none of the truths with which Paul touched off the enthusiasm of his hearers. Personal immortality is still a truth. The ineffable dignity of the individual soul, the overwhelming claims of Christ on our service, His lovableness, the omnipotence of grace, redemption, our sonship of God and joint inheritance with Christ; these are still truths. There isn't one of us but likes to think that he would stand up under any torture to profess them. They are all absolutes; and the sheep-like souls of men are fairly aching to be led back again into the lush green pastureland of the Christian absolutes. But maybe we have lost our first fervor. What of it? What the Christian body as a whole can do, we as individuals can do. We can work up another.



Excerpts from Fore and Aft

Scientists are always finding the world's oldest skull. But never the thickest. There's no draft into the army of sinners. It's filled by volunteers.

Don't be a road hog on your way to the football game. Be a rooter when you get there.

The old-fashioned crooning songs put baby to sleep. The modern ones keep the whole neighborhood awake.

People who forget their night prayers should recall that even a cow gets down on her knees before she goes to sleep.

The country won't turn to the Left if we live right.

War is a terrible thing but at least it did away with channel swimmers.

The good old horse-and-buggy days are gone. Ah, but the old feed bag remains.

It's no use trying to play ball with Japan. They'd only steal our bases.

No matter how little you own, it's more than you'll have when you die.

Chief problem for a dictator is how to keep the people's stomachs full and their heads empty.

Joseph J. Quinn in the *Southwest Courier*.

Scoreboard

By THE PARADER

Who won

Condensed from *America**

Cornell and Dartmouth were in the last few seconds of their 1940 football game with the score 3 to 0 in favor of Dartmouth. Following an incompleting Cornell fourth-down pass into the end zone, the referee, instead of awarding the ball to Dartmouth, gave it to Cornell for an illegal fifth down. On this fifth down, they made a touch-down as the game ended. After the final gun, the scoreboard showed, Cornell 7, Dartmouth 3. People leaving the stands after the game thought Cornell had won. A tempestuous hullabaloo, threatening national unity, was raised over the decision. Laboratory tests on movies and charts of the game were assiduously studied, and eventually the referee courageously admitted he was in error. Sportsmanlike, Cornell conceded defeat and Dartmouth won the game two days after it was over, the final verdict reading, Dartmouth 3, Cornell 0.

This Cornell-Dartmouth game of football presents points of similarity, in miniature, with the much rougher game of life. In the battle of life one wrong decision frequently splits great sections of mankind apart. The wrong decision made by Luther is still spreading havoc around the world. The wrong decision made by Karl Marx

brought death and spiritual ruin to millions. The wrong decision being promoted by the planned-parenthood people is denying the right to life, the chance for heaven to millions of potential human beings.

There are other aspects of similarity. In the battle of life, as in the Cornell-Dartmouth game, the apparent losers are frequently the winners, and vice versa. St. Peter keeps a scoreboard of his own which operates on a different system from that regulating mundane scoreboards. The officials of St. Peter don't miss a thing. Many a weary scrub woman would be very much surprised if she could see the number of thrilling long runs and touchdowns appearing to her credit on St. Peter's scoreboard, and many a great leader would be very much surprised if he could see the number of penalties for roughing being called against him.

The numerals on St. Peter's scoreboard are usually at wide variance with the numerals on the scoreboards of earth. The final Cornell-Dartmouth score was not revealed until two days after the game was over. On the cross, our Lord seemed to be the loser. On Easter day the real score was put up, showing He was the winner. Since then, Christ has frequently appeared to

* 329 W. 108th St., New York City. Nov. 30, 1940.

be the loser. On many occasions, a century or so has passed before the final score came in, revealing that He had gained another victory. Today the scoreboard in Russia puts Joe Stalin ahead in his battle with Christ. In Germany, Adolf is penalizing the

Church. The final score in these contests may not come in during this generation. But some bright day in the World of Tomorrow the scoreboard will show that Joe and Adolf have joined Nero and Julian the Apostate in the ranks of the defeated.



Epiphany in Rome

Blessing by the Child

By T. H. ELLIS

Condensed from the *Catholic Fireside**

In Rome the feast of the Epiphany is associated with the shrill notes of trumpet and bugle resounding through the streets.

Some think this custom arose out of the disappointment of King Herod when the Magi failed to return to him with information as to the whereabouts of the newborn Saviour. Baffled in his plans, and filled with savage fury, he is represented as stalking through the streets of Jerusalem in fruitless search of the Child of Bethlehem, the feared rival for his throne. The ambitious and jealous king is lured and enticed hither and thither to the derisive and mocking calls of bugle and trumpet.

Others explain the custom as an echo of the emotion produced by the arrival of the Magi and their Oriental cortege at Bethlehem.

Amid such clamor is Epiphany ushered in.

The outstanding religious event is the blessing given, on the evening of the feast itself, with the *Santo Bambino* from the top of the marble steps of Ara Coeli. The *Santo Bambino*, an image of the holy Child, was carved by a Franciscan in Jerusalem out of wood taken from the Garden of Olives. The ship bearing it to Italy was wrecked near Livorno, but the image was saved, and brought to Ara Coeli, the church for which it was intended, in 1647.

The image is held in great veneration in Rome, having been formerly brought to the homes of the sick for their consolation, and many miraculous cures are said to have been wrought by it. It is swathed in gold and silver tissue, and crusted with diamonds, emeralds and rubies; on its head is a richly jeweled crown. Necklaces, strings

*27 Chancery Lane, London, W. C. 2, England. Jan. 5, 1940.

of pearls, rings, pendants and bracelets, all votive offerings, adorn the venerated figure.

On the feast, a platform is erected opposite the chapel of the crib, where the Child is venerated during the octave. From this vantage ground, children recite with grace and charm little sermons on the Nativity. Sometimes, too, these infant orators engage in alternate questions and answers on the mysteries of the incarnation and redemption. The presence of an admiring audience does not in the least embarrass them. They sympathize with the divine Infant in His sufferings; lull Him to sleep; tell Him not to cry; and

promise to be good for His sake.

The scene on the children's rostrum ceases as the barefooted friars enter the sanctuary for Vespers. After Vespers, the Infant, honored by a guard of *Carabinieri*, is carried in solemn procession, followed by the clergy, representatives of confraternities, and a long file of members of the Third Order of St. Francis.

The procession halts at the open space outside the west door of the church. From the top of the steps, commanding a distant view of St. Peter's, the *Bambino* is held aloft by the officiating dignitary to bless Rome and the world.



Department Department

Confession is a sacrament, not a sort of hit and run laundry business. It is not something to be sandwiched in between a movie and a shopping tour. Entering the church, therefore, should be at a lesser velocity than the speed of a bomb.

Examination of conscience ought to be conducted in the pews, not with the football tactics so often seen in the lineup outside the confessional; nor even inside, while others wait and you "just can't remember."

The line outside the confessional is for convenience sake. Don't pay off your parish peevies by jostling or trying to outmaneuver others in getting in a moment early.

Standing too near the confessional is clearly a mark of the extended ear for news.

Children should go to confession at the proper hours and not impede the grownups who really have something to say.

Adults should not grumble audibly when they burst in after the first show and find Father leaving the confessional.

[Readers are requested to report instances of bad department.—Editor.]

The Arms of the Cross

Four arcs have caught infinity

By CHARLES FARRELL

Condensed from the *Patrician**

If the setting sun of Calvary could have cast the shadow of the cross around the world, the arms of that shadow would have met somewhere off the coast of California. The arms of that cross have encircled the world.

The traveler, standing at Sonoma, looking south and thinking of this as the end of the mission trail, is depriving himself of a wealth of religious thought if he does not turn his eyes a few miles to the west and there see the end of the other mission trail. The Spaniard ended his mission trail with one adobe mission. The Russian ended his with three log chapels, only one of which remains.

From the northwest came the Russian priests with the Mass, schismatic indeed, but the Mass. From the southeast came the Spanish priests with the Mass. Acquainted as we are only with the Latin Mass, we would have found the Russian "liturgy" with its language, vestments, ceremonies and church so different that we would not have known it to be the Eucharistic Sacrifice. The absence of frequent Communion, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and of obligatory attendance at Mass would have suggested a doubt as to Orthodox belief in the Real Presence; but we must remember that

these practices had not been introduced into the Oriental part of Christendom. On the other hand, the Russian courtier, Rezanov, found it difficult to comprehend the religious life of the Spanish settlement in San Francisco.

The Russian was slow to realize that a Spanish Padre was as important as a military officer. The Padre was a favorite son. He had a liberal allowance and a military escort. The government maintained 19 missions, and four presidial districts to protect them. Russian missionaries were few and were considered an annoyance to trading operations. Though the Russians fared somewhat better when they settled in northern California, an idea of the government attitude toward them can be culled from the report of the Lord High Chamberlain Rezanov, at St. Paul, Alaska. The chapel was poverty stricken, the vestments ragged, there were no books for teaching the children, and the three priests did not have wine with which to celebrate Mass. Yet the reports had gone to St. Petersburg stating that a school had been erected to teach the Aleuts the mysteries of the faith and that the entire population had signified their willingness to embrace Greek Orthodoxy.

One is tempted to believe that the

*St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park, Calif. November, 1940.

court of heaven found Russia no less than Spain invoking its patronage. Spain first sailed to America in the flagship *Santa Maria* and ended its quest in the litany of the California missions. Russia came to America in the ships *St. Michael* and *St. Simeon*; its oldest settlement was Three Saints; its first principal settlement was St. Paul on Kodiak Island; its first settlement on the mainland was New Archangel. Though Russia and Spain started back to back and sailed in different seas, each was to close its book of place christenings within sight of the other. The Russian, Count Rotchef, christened Mt. St. Helena and the Spaniard, General Vallejo, named the valley of Santa Rosa.

The meeting of the Russian and the Spaniard, when stripped of its secular interests, tells us what the "Pontiff of the Orient," His Holiness Pius XI, tried to tell us: that there is not an insurmountable difference between the East and the West. There is a diversity of rite and practice but they are substantially the same. The substance has its roots in Christ; the diversity has its roots in man.

It is interesting to compare the icon with our sacramentals, especially the crucifix. The crucifix was above the Spanish altar; the icon above and behind the Russian altar. In the officers' chapel within Fort Ross, or in the peasants' chapel without the fort, the icon was the object of devotion, as the

crucifix was similarly venerated in the mission of Sonoma, a few miles distant. In the Russian log hut at the fort and at Bodega, the icon had a place of honor in the right-hand corner of the room, with a curtain to shelter it from dust and a small lamp which burned in its honor. In the Spanish adobe was a niche sunk in the thick wall and there a madonna could be seen in the flicker of candlelight. From the crucifix the Spanish missionary taught the Indian the mysteries of the incarnation and death of our Lord, by showing that the Son of God, having become man, suffered death on the cross for our salvation. The Russian missionary used the icon, on which humanity is painted in color but divinity in gold, to teach the Indian that all men are subordinate to Christ.

The Yumas in the south and the Aleuts in the north had both learned through different rites, through different sacramentals; but both had learned the same fundamental truths and both had priests who could validly celebrate holy Mass and administer the sacraments. The Indian who inhabited the territory which now comprises the northern part of the Archdiocese of San Francisco was first catechized by the Russian, not by the Spaniard. The Mass, the sacraments, Christian burial and veneration of the saints were first brought to the northern part of the archdiocese by Russia, to the central and southern parts by Spain.

Hoi Hok: The Beginning of Learning

Symbolic rules

By L. FORSTER

Condensed from *Fu Jen**

In China literature is still so important that the teacher ranks high within the community. But the attitude towards learning is at no time more clearly indicated by the common people than when the child begins his studies. A ceremony called Hoi Hok, which means the opening of learning, takes place in the home when the boy reaches the age of seven. This is a feast to which relatives are invited, and the most important person after the child himself, who is the center of it all, is a teacher. The boy is called upon to kowtow to Confucius and Wen Cheong, the god of literature. Then the teacher, perhaps a doctor of literature, gives a first lesson in reading and writing with all that stateliness and dignity which only an old scholar possesses. It is taken from the *Universal Three Character Classic*, a textbook composed of rhymed sentences of three characters in each. The opening lesson consists generally of the following:

You must learn when young so that you may act wisely when you grow old.

You must devote yourselves to the service of the ruler, and do what is good to your neighbors.

Strive to make your name famous, and so bring honor to your parents.

Be worthy of your fathers and hand on the family record with pride to your successors.

After the teacher has given these excellent precepts he takes the boy's hand, which holds the Chinese pen or brush, and guides it over his first characters, which again express thoughts in keeping with the hopes that the parents have for their son.

When this is completed the child pays reverence to the teacher by bowing to him three times and thanking him for officiating at the ceremony. Crackers are then fired to mark the joyful nature of the occasion.

It is interesting to note the various articles of food that are spread on the sacrificial table before the god of learning. Besides the ordinary pork and chicken, there are onions, celery, eggs, sugar cane, pastry, and syrup. Each of these has some special significance—thus the onion is the symbol of intelligence, for in Chinese it has the same sound (*Chung*) as another word which means intelligence. Likewise celery, the sound for which in Chinese is *Kan*, signifies diligence; sugar cane, pastry, and syrup are sweet and therefore loved by children, thus foreshadowing in the boy, it is hoped, a similar love of learning. The eggs are generally

*176 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. December, 1940.

salted duck eggs, which have red yolks, and are symbolic of the enthusiastic heart of the young scholar for his new life of learning.

Then, again, the boy sits on sticky rice cakes to impress upon him the importance of sticking to his seat in order to learn rather than roaming about in aimless waste of time.

The water lily, which is sacred to the god of learning, is placed on the altar, for its white purity and beauty are in such contrast with the dark, muddy water from which it emerges. It symbolizes the transforming power of learning, changing as it does man's dark, brutish nature and rendering it almost divine in its loveliness.

This impressive ceremony is still

widely practiced, but with the influence of the West penetrating deeper and deeper into China it is losing its significance. Western science, with its disintegrating power, undermines the reverence which the Chinese have for their old learning, and so the disappearance of this function is only a matter of time, for it really represented the dedication of the child to the old god of learning, or his baptism into the sacred order of Confucianists; but the old learning is going and Confucius is no longer China's mentor. One may hope that out of the wreck the reverence and kowtow for the teacher will survive and, above all, that the young child will always realize the privilege of learning and its transforming power.



Canter

Long ago in pre-Reformation England, when countless pilgrims rode along on their journey to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, they set a merry pace. Because they were going to Canterbury, their pace was called a canter. Once you cantered to Canterbury, now you may canter anywhere, even to places which have not the remotest connection with prayers or with pilgrimages.

The Cowl (Dec. '40).



Kibitzers

The pests who interfere in card games and parties, volunteering unwanted and often inaccurate information or advice, are still called *kibitzers*. This is Yiddish slang for the German word *kibitz*. The *kibitz* or lapwing is a common European bird, which stands around in the fields all day long watching the farmers work. Traditionally, it utters shrill cries of warning to frighten off game at the approach of a hunter. As early as the 16th century, persons who stood around card players during a game and gave out information or warnings were called *kibitzers*.

Leonarda Visconti in *Good Housekeeping* (Oct. '40).

Constitutional Rights

Serum or scarletina

By H. C. McGINNIS

Condensed from *America**

When, on Oct. 7, Governor Olsen signed a legislative act outlawing the communist party from California's ballot, many people, including some of communism's most active antagonists, felt that the American right of free expression was getting an unfair jolt. Yet it was not; for while our Constitution guarantees the right to propagate political ideologies by legal means, it does not admit fraud, deceit and trickery to be legal forces. When Governor Olsen signed the bill he announced that the demand for legislation against alien controlled parties "has been aggravated by the scurrilous methods and abusive manner in which communists, either openly or under cover, carry on their political activities." Since the bill was passed with only one dissenting vote in the senate and three in the assembly, it is plain that California's recent Red experiences compelled the action.

California is not alone. Several other states have suffered experiences recently which cause their citizens to seriously consider banning communism. The conviction of 30 persons on Oct. 31, in Pittsburgh, on charges of conspiracy and perjury growing out of communist election petitions, is not an isolated case, but only one of many similar state-wide exposures.

The Pittsburgh case proves most conclusively that communists have no idea of the American system of decency or, if they have, they ignore it completely, counting on American tolerance for forgiveness. Pennsylvania's election code permits a wide latitude in political actions, and the requirements for any group to appear on the ballot are not unreasonable. One requirement is that a circulator of a political petition must be a citizen and a registered voter. But the communists openly flouted this requirement, evidently believing a registration with Moscow supersedes American requirements; for the trials proved many of the communist political workers had no legal right to vote, or to participate in fulfilling the legal requirements of pre-election activities. But the discovery of this law violation was only the beginning of a sickening mess of fraud, perjury, misrepresentation and forgery. This evidence was so overwhelming one need not go far into the details to convince himself that communism grossly abused its status as a legal party.

Communist petitions in other Pennsylvania counties also resulted in convictions or indictments. The frauds were sufficiently numerous to have denied the communist party a place on

*309 W. 108th St., New York City. Dec. 7, 1940.

the ballot but, unfortunately, the discoveries came too late. Other states, however, were more fortunate. Ohio had a similar experience and discovered the fraudulent activities in time to exclude the Reds from the November ballot. West Virginia and New Jersey also were victims of this outrage against American procedure and, of course, California had ample cause for its action.

Yet, in spite of these widespread disclosures, there are still many citizens who really believe the Constitution requires continued toleration of these un-American groups. An examination of the Constitution proves otherwise. As dyed-in-the-wool believers in American freedom of expression and thought, let us ask ourselves what our Constitution is. That instrument we guard so zealously is a guarantee of personal rights and liberties, written by Americans expressly for Americans. It was never intended to cover any peoples except those claiming the American flag as their flag. Never in our history have we tried to impose the Constitution upon anyone outside American territory. So, therefore, it must be our evident intention that the Constitution apply only to Americans.

Many of the most active communists in our midst enjoy no legal status of American citizenship, while many others are citizens in name, but admittedly owe a prior allegiance to the Moscow government, receiving their in-

structions, orders, aims and inspirations from that source. No court in the land will rule that any organization which vows to destroy our form of government is an American institution; and since our Constitution is designed to protect only American institutions, why should we be so squeamish about protecting ourselves from an organization which hates American institutions? Although we admit the right of citizens to change the form of government, we insist that they change it in the American way by due and legally provided democratic procedure.

Many Americans think those communists who are American citizens have a legal right to organize as a political party and to demand the protection of the government they seek to destroy. This feeling is mostly due to a misunderstanding of the protection given by the first amendment to our Constitution, the first item in our treasured Bill of Rights, in the matter of free speech and free press. It is true, our Constitution guarantees these rights, but it is equally true that, under certain circumstances, they can be temporarily suspended. The writ of habeas corpus has always been considered a far more important right than the right of free press and free speech. Our founding fathers made sure to include this human right in Article I of the Constitution, but in doing so they included the right of the republic to suspend even this principle of freedom

in cases of rebellion, invasion or while states are under martial law.

It is not the essence of democracy that it should render itself helpless. Australia, a truly democratic commonwealth, did not feel that it gave democracy a setback when it recently outlawed communism; it showed much better judgment than France, which outlawed communism too late to be saved.

The outlawing of communism by state or federal action depends, of course, upon the majority will of the people; but instances like the one now being fought out by a certain Pennsylvania community serve to crystallize public opinion rapidly. This community's school board recently discharged a high-school teacher for signing a communist petition. Of course, there was more behind the action than the signing of the petition; the school board's solicitor contended that the teacher had been accused of "a course of action" extending over a year.

The dismissal proceedings turned out to be quite interesting. After all, parents have the right to insist that their children shall not be under the influence of subversive teachings, yet the teacher was within his full rights in signing the petition of a party enjoying full legal status in the state. The dismissal was made on a charge of "immorality." This "immorality" charge did not accuse the teacher of dissolute habits but did claim he had acquired

an unfavorable reputation through his choice of associates and an advocacy of communism. In other words, the school board is claiming that immorality in a teacher can consist of losing the community's confidence and respect, which destroys his usefulness as a teacher.

This case has now reached the legal phase, the dismissed teacher demanding redress under the state's Teachers' Tenure Act, which lists causes for dismissal. Political activity is not a listed cause. Actually, the dismissed teacher seems to be within his legal rights, for the state law gave its benediction to the communist party when it permitted it to participate in state elections as a recognized party. The trouble in this instance is that public sentiment has advanced beyond the letter of the law and parents are demanding their moral right to have their children taught by people who do not believe in or admire the destructive doctrines of Moscow.

America's safety in a world crisis demands a thorough cleaning out of the destructive forces in our midst. If we persist in winking the legal eye at something we know in our hearts to be destructive and un-American, we shall later pay the penalty. Legislation usually follows public opinion and public opinion has become crystallized by plentiful examples of the flagrant abuse by communists of the rights and privileges America accords those in her midst.

Girls in Oklahoma

By MARY ANN LUND

College papers please copy

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

For the past six summers Rosary College has been sending a group of its students to Oklahoma to teach the people there some facts concerning the Catholic Church. This past summer five of us had the privilege of doing Catholic-evidence work (street-corner speaking) in the less-populated parts of that state "where folks all say, 'Hi, stranger!' and friendship never dies." We had been prepared for our work by Msgr. Reynold Hillenbrand, rector of the Seminary of St. Mary of the Lake, Mundelein. Our activities were directed by Father F. X. Neville, director of Catholic Action in the diocese of Oklahoma City and Tulsa.

In each town we followed the same procedure. Shortly after sundown we gathered together under the shelter of a gas station, or in the bandstand of a park, or on a prominent street corner—any place where we could make an electrical connection for our public-address system. For the first two weeks we spoke from a trailer. It was not the luxurious type of traveling residence in which one would like to go to California, but resembled rather the cart in which Marie Antoinette rode to the guillotine. The second half of the month, we used a small truck, which rode as easily over the bumpy byroads

of Oklahoma as does a Packard sedan down the smooth pavement of Michigan Blvd. A few times, we spoke actually standing on the street corner itself.

At first we must have appeared to be a hybrid Chautauqua and Punch & Judy show. We told our listeners that we had come because we had heard that Oklahomans are among the most religious people in the U. S., and we wished to tell them about our religion. We had two talks every evening, a long one, about 30 or 40 minutes, and a short one lasting 15 to 20 minutes.

After the talks, we answered the questions found in the question box that we placed each morning in the main store of the town. There was usually only one main store in a town so the people could not miss seeing the box, which was generally filled with questions. After these inquiries were answered, one girl remained at the microphone and the rest went among the crowd to get more questions, and shout them out.

We were always besieged with questions, which were, of course, of a similar nature in every town. The Baptists always asked about infant Baptism, in which they do not believe. The Holy Rollers questioned us in regard to the

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. December, 1940.

gift of tongues, a gift which they claim to possess. We had many questions about nuns and priests. The people, many of whom were seeing Sisters for the first time, were captivated by the two who were with us. We were asked why they wore such queer clothes, and whether these costumes were their everyday dress. Others wished to know why we call our priests Father (the Bible doesn't tell you to), and why priests cannot marry.

We were asked many questions about the pope. Many people wondered when he is coming to the U. S. to take control of the government. Several of the questions accused him of being the beast, or 666 in the Apocalypse. Three or four times we were asked how much we were paid. Our questioners were surprised when we told them we were not paid. Perhaps had we ever passed the hat we would have received a tidy sum. They were curious to know if any of us were married. (I do not think the question was in the nature of a proposal, however.) In one town we were questioned, "Why don't you have women priests? Some of them make better talkers than the men priests."

The people were always most responsive and courteous to us. You may wonder whether the audience was continually changing. Much to our surprise, it was very stable. The majority of our listeners were there waiting for us, sitting in their cars or on their

horses, leaning against posts, lying on the ground, or patiently standing. And they invariably remained until we finished.

They were all very generous. The women were continually sending us pies and cakes. The men, not to be outdone, were ready with their cars to drive us anywhere. One woman moved out of her house, turning it completely over to us for the four days we spoke in her town.

That particular town was most fascinating. I had never before seen anything like it, except in a western movie. In the words of one of its citizens, it was merely "a wide stretch in the road." That road was neither paved nor lighted. The cows had a monopoly of the sidewalks, so the rest of the inhabitants and their visitors walked down the middle of the road. However, we were enchanted with the friendliness of the place.

Did we accomplish anything? A doctor who had been away from the Church for 20 years returned. A professor who had once begun to take instruction to enter the Church, but had decided not to become a Catholic, was baptized before we came home. However, though such results as these were more than gratifying, our purpose was not conversion. We had come there to remove prejudice and error by telling the people the real truth about the Catholic Church. That prejudice was lessened was evident in the contrast

between the welcome we received when we arrived and the farewell at our departure. The people were always cordial when they greeted us, but when they said good-bye they felt that they really knew us and what we stood for. Old men and old women, young men and young women, used to clasp our hands and tell us what "great folks Catholics are."



Brazilian Bird

The *curupião* is a sort of oriole with the manners of a magpie, brilliant yellow with black wings. He is a cheeky fellow, easily tamed and afraid of nobody. Once he is accustomed to his new home he can be turned loose and will always return to his cage after enjoying a flight around the garden. We had one who always breakfasted with us out of doors. As soon as the cage door was opened he flew onto the table and proceeded to make his presence felt. He sampled everything he could find and then went about pushing the tops off the jam pots with his beak to see what they contained. He sometimes had baffling experiences, as when he got a good beakful of mustard; but nothing discouraged him.

He required a great deal of attention and if he did not get it without effort he would misbehave until he became the center of interest. One of the favorite ways was to open a box of matches with his beak and scatter the matches; or to push a fork off the table. He kept the dogs in order but took no liberties with the cat. But the best time of the day was bedtime. The *curupião* is wretched if he has to sleep on a perch and it was some time before we learned what was expected of us. A well-lined nest where he can settle down comfortably is good enough, but it must be provided with some sort of cover that he can pull over himself. Or he will be happy in an old woolen sock where he can crawl in and sleep. But perhaps the best of all is a little hammock where he can lie flat on his back and relax. If you lay out a handkerchief for him he will settle down on it and wait for you to tuck him in and lay him on the floor of his cage. Once wrapped up he will stay without moving until he is called in the morning.

He whistles cheerfully and well and can learn any air that you whistle for him. After you have gone he will work on it like a human, whistling until there is a hitch; then stopping short, looking annoyed and starting over again. When you come back after an absence of an hour or more he will make a flattering fuss over you, either whistling or hopping about and barking, for there is no other description for it: a soft muted bark. Once you have owned a *curupião* you will have eyes for no other bird.

From *Rio* by Hugh Gibson (Doubleday, Doran, 1937).

America Looks Southward

Dollar diplomacy?

By JAMES A. MAGNER

Condensed from the *Sign**

Among the tangible results of the re-election of President Roosevelt, so far as foreign policies are concerned, will be the definite intensification of the stand of the "Good Neighbor."

With considerable foresight, it must be admitted, from the beginning of his terms of office, Mr. Roosevelt has given intelligent study to the entire problem. His early visit to South America, plus the important personal contacts he made at that time, his later pledges of friendship on the basis of equality, and his efforts through Secretary Hull to promote better trade relationships, have not been without fruit. The Lima Conference, as well as the declarations of Panama, has clearly shown that something positive has been accomplished. And while all differences have not been ironed out, the wars in Europe and Asia have certainly gone a long way toward creating certain common attitudes and powerful popular interests that have hastened the unification of the Americas.

To shape Latin-American sentiments of good will into a permanent program of solidarity and cooperation with the U. S., as well as to offset the cultural influences of Nazi and fascist propaganda, a program of cultural action has been launched from Washington with an

initial appropriation of \$3 million from the president's special defense fund. Nelson A. Rockefeller has been named coordinator of commercial and cultural relations between the American republics; a campaign utilizing the press, radio, and motion pictures has been inaugurated to develop cordial attitudes in Latin America toward what the U. S. has to offer.

One very important factor in the development of cordial relationships has been forgotten or deliberately shelved. The governmental agencies of the U. S., as well as private groups and individuals concerned, do not seem to be working with the realization that the Latin-American countries, even those in which the Catholic Church has been placed under disabilities, are profoundly Catholic in cultural backgrounds and sensibilities. To ignore this fact may well defeat the purposes of the entire program of inter-American solidarity and may end in the same bungling processes that have caused so much harm in the past. At present, only one Catholic is included on the American Republics Commission under Rockefeller. In fact, the entire State Department as related to Latin America is deficient in Catholic personnel. Not that appointments to official posts

*Union City, N. J. December, 1940.

should be based on religion; but if effective work is the objective, it would seem that persons should be chosen for their ability to appreciate the cultural values of the field in which they are working.

Part of the failure to meet these facts in the past has been due to a belief in certain sectors that the backwardness in many of the Latin-American countries has been the result of Catholic influences. The action taken as a consequence has left Catholics in these nations under the impression that co-operation of the U. S. means Protestant, Yankee imperialism, and that Pan-Americanism is simply a cultural cloak for the same thing. As a matter of fact, Latin Americans have become rather sick of our "good will" gestures, although they are ready to understand constructive overtures which are not insulting to the things they hold dear. This is clearly shown in the eminent success of the good-will tour made by Bishop Ryan and the Rev. Dr. Sheehy of the Catholic University.

On the other hand, it is senseless for Catholics in the U. S. to complain if their services in cultural relationships with Latin America are not enlisted, unless they are prepared by their own initiative in this field. There is a growing realization of this point, and Catholic interest is beginning to take tangible and significant forms. With evidences of approval from the Department of State, the Catholic Historical

Association devoted its entire last convention to a study of the contributions of the Catholic Church to the cultural and spiritual life of Latin America. These papers have been appearing in the official publication of the association, the *Catholic Historical Review*. The Catholic University of America has been giving particular study to the problems involved and, besides sending the Rev. Dr. Edwin Ryan and Dr. Martin R. P. McGuire on a tour of South America last summer to arrange for exchange students and other Catholic projects, has inaugurated the Institute of Ibero-American Studies to promote and coordinate scholarly research into Latin-American affairs.

For some time the Catholic Association for Internal Peace has issued literature and conducted round tables on Latin-American affairs. The international Catholic students' organization, Pax Romana, is likewise devoting special attention to Latin America and will hold its general reunion next summer in Bogota, Colombia. Last summer, the present writer conducted a seminar in Mexico with the cooperation of Mexican Catholic writers and leaders, with such satisfactory results that it will be repeated next summer as part of the program of an inter-American cultural service.

It is not enough, however, for Catholics of the U. S. to improve their understanding of Latin America or wave cultural inducements before the eyes of

the latter. It is equally important that Latin-American Catholics get a correct concept of their brethren above the Rio Grande and of the general American picture. In the past, South America has been much closer culturally to Europe than it has been to the U. S., and very few Catholic publications of our country have filtered down through the countries to the south. Moreover, it is important that Catholics of the Western Hemisphere join in the general program of the development of cordial relations with the object of raising cultural, humanitarian, and spiritual levels everywhere. It would be a mistake to allow Catholic activities to become simply a pawn of political and commercial interests or to become identified with any scheme of material aggrandizement.

It must be realized that the development of genuine inter-American solidarity is not going to proceed from dictation by the U. S., nor from the extension of our military outposts, nor from a sympathetic attitude by any particular groups. Dictation will simply increase hostility. Military expansion by itself may well give rise to the suspicion that the U. S. is getting ready to defend the world from the planet Mars; and sympathy by itself can end in ridiculous gesturing or dangerous meddling.

The real work of inter-American solidarity must be shared by all the nations alike and show itself in internal

organization and maturity as well as in international relationships. Thus it is impossible to speak of solidarity between Mexico and the U. S. until Mexico has stabilized itself and made up its own mind on such problems as religious freedom, land, the nature of private property, the petroleum expropriations, and sound financing. Until this is done, the relationships of the two countries will consist largely in threats and defiances. It is likewise impossible to speak of reciprocal relationships with Argentina, much less to ask that country to break absolutely with the promises of the Axis powers, until the problem of trade, upon which the national life of Argentina depends, has been ironed out.

As a step in sustaining the capitalistic against the barter system of international trade and in developing an inter-American economy, the U. S. government recently made available an additional loan through the Export-Import Bank of \$500 million for use in the Western Hemisphere; and Warren Lee Pierson, president of the bank, recently returned from a tour of Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru.

A credit of \$20 million has been placed at the disposal of Argentina for the purchase of machinery and industrial materials. An equal sum has been loaned to Brazil to help finance a steel plant.

Of equal, possibly of greater importance, however, has been the progress

made in the last two months toward linking the Latin-American nations themselves in closer economic exchange. Thus Argentina and Brazil have agreed upon the principle of the exchange of their surpluses which have been piling up as a result of world conditions. A plan has been proposed also whereby the development of new industries in either country will be protected against the raising of tariff barriers in the other. It may be noted that the tariff rates of the U. S. are still a sore matter with these countries, which maintain that loans and credits are of small use unless the U. S. opens itself still further as a market for their surplus products.

Apparently this initial agreement has served as a model for other developments. In the middle of October, the Argentine minister of agriculture held a series of discussions in Santiago, Chile, to promote trade relations. About the same time, Pres. Getulio Vargas of Brazil proposed a conference of the Amazon nations, including Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia, "to reach an accord whereby expansion of our activities in a full spirit of solidarity is achieved practically." The U. S., he felt, might also be invited "in view of its interest as a great consumer market." This entire development seems to be a logical and healthy one, inas-

much as it can handle the delicate problem of surpluses by opening various channels, instead of dumping everything on our doorsteps. At the same time, it should still allow for a normal exchange between Latin-American nations or groups and the U. S.

All of this indicates that the Western Hemisphere is girding itself for what may well be a new world order. In many ways, the political problems of Latin America remain the same as in past decades, although now with new labels; but the fact remains that political agitation nearly everywhere today has some important relationship to foreign policy and to foreign alliances. There is a good deal of Nazi, fascist and communist activity throughout Latin America, and of a character which the respective governments are taking cognizance of.

Behind all the big talk there is an important element of serious realization; and, in spite of the many differences, there is a growing sense of solidarity among the nations of the Americas. If these new relationships can be based on something more profound than the dollar or the peso sign and come right down to a realization of the rights of man and of the dignity and responsibilities of nations under God, then something truly great may be accomplished.

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When some men discharge an obligation, you can hear the report for miles around.—*Mark Twain.*

The Tale of a City

Tree spreads bird's nest

By PATRICK O'CONNOR

Condensed from the *Far East**

In the province of Hupeh, which is literally in the heart of China, you will find the age-old city of Hanyang. On one side flows the wide Yangtze River; on another flows the narrower Han. The two rivers meet to form a Y within the arms of which the huddled city is contained.

On the southeastern side of the Yangtze stands another city, Wuchang, capital of the province. On the north side of the Han is Hankow. The three sister cities are sometimes called by the group name of Wuhan. Hankow is the best known of the three. Though it is 600 miles from the sea, it is a busy port where ocean-going ships, river steamers and thousands of Chinese junks load and unload. Hankow, with its modern streets, banks and warehouses, foreign goods and foreign styles, is largely of yesterday; 100 years ago it was a mere village suburb of Hanyang.

For many a long year Hanyang remained as wholly pagan as it had always been. In 1661, Father Jacques Motel (one of three brothers, all Jesuits, all missionaries to China) built a church in Wuchang and opened a chapel in Hankow. Fifteen years later, there is a record of a young mandarin in Hanyang being miraculously cured of leprosy while being baptized by a

catechist sent by Father Motel. In 1702 two French Jesuits opened a church in Hanyang. Doubtless from that time there was always a little group of Catholics in the city. In 1847 a persecution began, probably scattering the little flock. Fifty years ago there was no priest in residence in Hanyang; until 20 years ago there still was none.

On June 26, 1920, three priests disembarked from a river steamer at Hankow. They were Fathers John Blowick, first superior general of St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society, Edward J. Galvin and Owen MacPolin. They had sailed from Seattle, and now only the Han River lay between them and the destination that had been marked out for them six months earlier in Rome.

In 1920 the entire province of Hupeh was divided into three mission territories. (In 1940 it comprises 11, with twice the number of Catholics and more than twice the number of priests that it had 20 years ago.) Hanyang and the region now attached to it were then part of a vicariate staffed by some 30 Franciscan missionaries and 22 Chinese secular priests. Zealously these valiant missionaries labored, but they were too few for a widely scattered population of 16 million. They could attend Hanyang, for instance, only

**St. Columbans, Neb. December, 1940.*

from time to time. The register showed about 120 Catholics at Hanyang; most of these belonged to an area outside the city proper. In this same section stood a poor little church, where the priest celebrated Mass whenever he could come. Happily, Hankow was near; a rowboat crossing the river could bring a Catholic to Hankow or a priest on a sick call to Hanyang. But without resident priests or the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, without any Sisters, or any religious institution, the few Catholics were a feeble minority among the pagan multitudes of Hanyang.

The newly arrived priests crossed the river. Above them burned the sun, keeping the temperature at 103°; around them were the staring, uncomprehending crowds. Across the Pacific, 14 priests were waiting for word to come here; the first three realized that as yet they had no house nor land, not even an acquaintance in this restless, populous city where paganism seemed imbedded like the stones themselves in the ancient streets and immemorial walls.

A day or two later, a visitor was announced at the Hankow church where the three priests were staying as guests of the Franciscans. He was Dr. Francis Kong, a Chinese Catholic working among the employees of the Hanyang Iron and Steel Works. Having heard of the newcomers, he had come to offer his help. Guided by him, the priests crossed the river again and

found for rent a few semi-foreign houses that belonged to the ironworks. These became the first home of St. Columban's priests in Hanyang.

Learning Chinese was their first task; meanwhile, a few Catholics discovered the little chapel where Mass was now being offered daily. In October, 1920, that chapel was the scene of the first Baptism performed by a missionary of St. Columbans in Hanyang. The convert, young Mr. Wang, was from Shanghai; he was a friend of Mr. Ignatius Ying, professor of Chinese in St. Columban's Seminary in Ireland.

The Chinese engineers and staff doctors attached to the ironworks, some Catholic, some non-Christian, were very friendly to the priests. One of them, Dr. Kwok, a Cantonese, seeing that the missionaries needed permanent headquarters, made their problem his own. One evening he suggested a solution. In 1906, Baptist missionaries from America had built a small hospital, a doctor's house and some outoffices on a three-acre plot surrounded by an eight-foot wall. They had abandoned the place and their Hanyang mission in 1915. Commodious, private, close to the city walls, it would make suitable headquarters for St. Columban's Mission and after five years of disuse, it might be purchased for a reasonable sum. But would the Baptists sell it to Catholic priests?

Perhaps they would; perhaps they would not. But they did sell it to Dr.

Kwok, who was acting for some friends of his. His friends were the missionaries of St. Columban, who moved in towards the end of November.

So far, there was no church within the city walls. With Dr. Kong's help, a few old Chinese houses along the main street were bought and two of them converted into a church. It was a rough, poor place but it was the first church in Hanyang proper. There Father Galvin was to be consecrated bishop by the apostolic delegate six years later.

Two good, old Chinese women were installed in a small house behind the church. They taught girls and made contacts with the women. Across the street a little school for boys was opened in 1921.

In 1923 Hanyang City received its first community of Sisters, six Loretines from Kentucky. Ready for any apostolic labors, they took charge of the embroidery workshop begun by Father Galvin a year earlier as a means of supporting a school for country girls. In their 17 eventful years in Hanyang the Sisters of Loretto have conducted this school; they have taught Christians and pagans, administered baptism, attended the sick and dying; two of them are now guiding the newly formed native Sisterhood of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Sisters of St. Columban came in 1926. They arrived during a critical civil war in which the Kuomintang

forces from Canton, the northern armies opposing them, and the sinister influence of Borodin and his soviet agents were all in conflict. Teaching women and girls both in the city and in upcountry towns, attending a busy dispensary, visiting the sick in their homes: indeed, all the corporal and spiritual works of mercy have engaged the self-sacrificing St. Columban Sisters.

In 1931 central China suffered one of the most terrifying and destructive floods in history. At the same time, communist armies were ravaging parts of Hupeh province. Thousands upon thousands of refugees fled to Hanyang and the near-by hills. Under Bishop Galvin's leadership, the missionaries sheltered women and children, fed the starving; baptized dying babies, instructed the refugees in Christian doctrine. On the southwest side of the city a mission workshop grew into a trade school. Here an orphanage for boys was built in 1935, with the Brothers of St. Columban in charge.

All through the years, wars, floods and pestilence had surged around and sometimes through Hanyang. Just as the missionaries were about to launch some enterprise that had already cost much prayerful and painful preparation, some new emergency would swamp it. Then the crisis would pass, leaving the missionaries in a better position than their first plans had ever promised.

The advantages were usually found

in the country districts. To them the refugees of 1931 had belonged; it was there that the full fruits of the relief work done around Hanyang were seen, after the refugees went home. The country people, living simple, hardy lives, are more easily attuned to the Gospel than their cousins in the cities. In China, as elsewhere, the cities ultimately draw their lifeblood from the country; hence the growth of the Church in the rural areas brings many and lasting fruits. But it is also true that the country takes its ideas from the city. Further, the densely populated cities stand in need of the grace of Christ. Hence, it is important that the Church should progress in the urban centers.

After 1932 an almost overwhelming harvest was reaped in some country parishes of the Hanyang Vicariate. Conversions increased in the city, too, though at a slower tempo. In 1936 there were four parishes in Hanyang City, with a membership of more than 2,000.

The most fearful and prolonged ordeal in the long record of Hanyang's tribulations began in the fall of 1937. This was a year-long succession of air raids, Hanyang's chief experience of the Sino-Japanese war. Only when the civilian population finally evacuated the shattered city did the missionaries with-

draw across the river to Hankow, to throw themselves into relief work there. The old church within the walls was turned into an emergency hospital.

There were times when Hanyang's streets were literally running with blood. In the congested old city, where there were no underground shelters, the carnage was terrific. Through it all, the missionaries relieved pain, battled with cholera, gave speedy instruction and Baptism to the dying.

In October, 1938, the Wuhan cities fell to the advancing Japanese armies. Since then the war has moved beyond Hanyang. As soon as the civilian population returned to the broken old city, the movement towards the Church began again, with greater impetus than ever.

The latest reports from Hanyang show that St. Columban's missionaries spent the year 1940 in a city very different from the one the pioneer band knew 20 years ago. Where Fathers Galvin, Blowick and MacPolin found no sanctuary lamp, no Catholic institution, no resident priest, one little chapel and 120 Catholics, the star of Christ this Christmas shone down on a city that has five parishes, three convents, each with its own chapel, three catechumenates, one orphanage for boys, one embroidery school for girls, one dispensary, and 6,064 Catholics!

Hitchhike: thumb your way to heaven on the rosary.

The Queen's Work quoted by the *New World* (20 Sept. '40).

Skanderbeg

Unknown Alexander

By PAUL R. JUENKER

Condensed from the *Canisius Quarterly**

Crushed between the pages of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* lie the yet-smoldering ashes of the life of a man from the Balkans, Skanderbeg, the Albanian *Iskender Bey*. Cradled in the shadow of the unsmiling mountains north of Macedonia, the land that was Skanderbeg's today stirs in war. The mountain roads shudder at the rattling rush of caisson and gun, and the monotonous shuffle of military boots. But in 1495, when Giorgio Castriota, Iskender Bey, was born to John Castriota and his wife, Voisave, hereditary rulers of Albania, the rugged hills drowsed in one of those short-spaced lulls the men of Europe know as "peace."

When boyish legs had grown strong enough to grip the damp, heaving sides of a war horse, while a boyish arm brandished a short, evil-pointed javelin, red autumn leaves in the hills of Albania were more deeply crimsoned by dearly sold blood. Amurath II had ascended the Ottoman throne and had sworn to avenge the defeats suffered by his grandsire, Bajazet. He brandished his scimitar triumphantly through the quickly overthrown territories of Carmania, of Achaia, and of Thessaly. Albania he graciously agreed to spare a mortal blow, if she would grant the transfer to his capital of four hostages,

the four stalwart sons of John Castriota.

In 1423, Giorgio rode, with his brothers, to the tent of the sultan. In a year's time, he had ridden into the hearts of the sultan's followers, into the heart of the sultan himself, that is, into the sultan's plans. His Christian mind was given deep draughts of Moslem religion and science. Physically great and fair, mentally swift and sharp, the boy astonished even the fierce sons of Islam as he perfected himself in every artifice used by the wily Mohammedan *pashas*, or generals, on the field of battle.

Discovering the lad's martial spirit, Amurath took him along on expeditions and campaigns and soon made him a *pasha*. On account of the young soldier's courageous actions and physical strength, the Ottomans gave him the name *Iskender Bey*, the Turkish equivalent of Alexander the Great, a title that still roused wonder in the Oriental mind, and which Giorgio Castriota proved he was worthy of bearing by his subsequent exploits.

And Skanderbeg remained a Christian. The fitful fire in his soul, feeding at first on boyhood memories, was also kept alive by the increasing knowledge he was obtaining of the treachery, cunning and debauchery of Amurath.

John Castriota died when Skander-

**Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Fall, 1940.*

beg had lived in the Moslem tents for 12 years. Amurath immediately dispatched hordes of picked men to enmesh Albania in the spreading net of his sultanate. Swiftly the crescent rose above the charred cross, and erstwhile Christians were sent, at the point of the sword, into newly constructed mosques.

With a trusted *pasha* as co-commander, Skanderbeg set out at the head of a small army to subdue an uprising in Hungary. Intentionally or not, he led his forces to a disastrous defeat. He himself escaped with his *reis effendi*, the chancellor, who guarded the small seal of the empire.

In Croia, the great stronghold of Albania, the commandant warmly greeted the renowned Skanderbeg a few days later. He heard with evident alarm of the slaughter of the sultan's finest soldiery by "superior numbers of the Hungarians." Unsuspicious, almost with relief, he read the letter marked with Amurath's own seal, demanding that he relinquish his post to the young Albanian *pasha*. Humbly, he complied with "Amurath's" command.

It was a matter of hours to summon faithful followers and rout the hated Turkish garrison. News of Iskender's action spread throughout the country and the joyful Albanians quickly rallied to their new prince's standard. Money and materials were sent by powerful Venice, long an enemy of the Turks. The newly fired Albanians

made a predatory raid into Macedonia with the intention of goading Amurath into showing his hand. Selecting 8,000 horse and 7,000 foot, Skanderbeg departed for the Macedonian border and the narrow defile that constituted the lone door to his country from the south.

The *pasha*, Ali Bey, sent his huge force of 40,000 hurtling through the pass after the visibly weaker and presumably retreating enemy. The Albanian army wheeled suddenly, drawing with it hitherto hidden reinforcements from the wooded slopes. A few days later, Skanderbeg and his men returned to Croia, laden with spoils and gear stripped from thousands of slain Turks.

Catching Skanderbeg completely off guard when his regular army had disbanded and only 1,500 horse and 2,000 foot were left at his disposal, the sultan sent the great Ferises, with 9,000 horse, beyond the mountains against Croia. The two leaders met face to face in the front line of battle: the head of Ferises rolled grotesquely in the bloody grass. The Turks cried their dismay and fled. Next, a certain Mustapha essayed a punitive expedition. He awoke to realities in an Albanian prison, 10,000 of his men lying lifeless on the plain. Amurath had lost an unprecedented number of the empire's finest warriors, had been compelled to pay over 5,000 ducats in ransom money for imprisoned officers. Finally, blinding rage at his humiliation drove him to personal action.

Marching from Adrianople with 160,000 men, he set out for the Macedonian hills and Albania. Bloated with confidence over the comparatively easy capture of the first line of defense, the stronghold of Setrigrade, rendered vulnerable through the information of a traitor, he swept on to Croia.

Blinking wisely and mysteriously, high overhead in the hills that made two walls of the town impregnable, tiny fires signaled code messages to the town as the siege began. Skanderbeg ingeniously "telegraphed" his besieged compatriots assurances of an efficient contemporaneous defense. As Amurath flung his columns at a breach in the forewall made by his catapults, swifter columns of shouting Albanians thundered down, as if from the sky, to cut down the terrified Turks from the rear. Night raids were made by men with white-clothed right arms, Skanderbeg's unique precaution against the slaughter of his own men in the dark.

Amurath spat on the ground. He tore his yellow beard in fury. He had conquered the greatest nations. Yet, here was a force, one-tenth the size of

his own, jeering at his generalship, scoffing at his legions. He squinted into the setting sun of his empire, and hating the man he had reared as a son and ally he lay back on his divan and died.

Skanderbeg, his mission fulfilled, fell mortally ill with fever as he was passing with his retinue through Lyssa. The tightly drawn skin on his face grew mottled and hot and his breath rattled in his throat, as a messenger vaulted through the low casement window and cried out the news of the Moslem siege of Venice. Weakly the prince threw back the coverlets and tottered to his feet. "My horse and my armor," he commanded in a weak quaver, "I come!" A few hours later, his wife and son were weeping bitterly over his lifeless form.

But news of his last command, of his promise "I come!" reached the Turkish camp outside the walls of Venice. The Moslems hastily withdrew, pursued only by the specter of one of the greatest generals the world has ever known, and one of the least known!

Paging Theodore Dreiser

Whenever you hear the phrase, "Some of my best friends are Jews, but . . ." you know that you are going to be let in on a little anti-Semitism. Well, whenever you hear, "I am not a communist, but . . ." you know that the speaker may not be a communist, but that he will hold the lamp while a communist cuts up the Declaration of Independence.

Paul Redmond in the *Holy Name Journal* (Dec. '40).

A Catholic Mother

Condensed from *Catholic Action**

She walked in beauty

Mrs. Ellen Abell never saw Kentucky. She died in the Maryland to which she had come, an Irish immigrant, years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Her Catholic spirit, however, marched over the mountains with her children.

One of her sons, Robert, went with his wife, Margaret, out to the Dark and Bloody Ground less than 20 years after Daniel Boone's first expedition into that wilderness. They settled on land along the Rolling Fork where every cabin was the target of Indian attack, and started a Catholic colony destined to become one of the civic and cultural centers of the frontier. There, amid the difficulties and dangers of pioneering, they brought up a family of three daughters and seven sons, one of them the famous Father Robert Abell. From the settlement, the elder Robert Abell went to the Kentucky Constitutional Convention of 1799. The only Catholic in that body, he won defeat of the provision that no Catholic should hold office of profit or trust in the commonwealth, and helped to win passage of the Kentucky Resolutions against the Alien and Sedition Laws.

The U. S. was only seven years old when Robert Abell's sister, Alethia, and her husband, Benedict Spalding, set out on the Boone Trail to join the colony

on the Rolling Fork. Both of them were young. Both were brave. Both were Catholics, already tried in their faith by residence in a commonwealth which had tossed aside its own basic doctrine of religious tolerance. Both were determined to carry on, by example and precept, the principles of their religion, unswerving belief in God, uncompromising acceptance of responsibility, undeviating fairness and kindness to their fellow men.

In a cabin which they themselves built the Spaldings lived like their neighbors. They had brought west a few firearms, a few pots and pans, a hand plow, a spinning wheel, a pair of combing cards, a package of seeds, a few sheets and blankets, a little woven cloth for suits and dresses. They built rude furniture, a table that resembled a butcher's chopping block, bedsteads of young timber laced with elkskin thongs, wooden settees and three-legged stools. They made wooden platters, and used gourds for drinking cups. Out of crude materials and trained ingenuity they fashioned some scant measure of comfort.

Benedict Spalding fished in the streams, and hunted in the woods for food and for skins to make leggings and moccasins and hats. He made perilous journeys to the licks for salt.

*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. December, 1940.

He planted, cared for and reaped the crops of corn and flax. Year after year, he widened the range of his activities, sowing, garnering, building.

Alethia Spalding wove, spun, and dyed linen, wool, and linsey-woolsey, and fashioned them into clothing. She stiffened her sunbonnets with hickory splints. She made bread from corn. She cooked game, venison and fish. She scrubbed and scoured, fed chickens, milked cows and churned. And in that cabin on the Rolling Fork, as it grew room by room, she raised six sons and six daughters.

For long years there was no Catholic church on the Rolling Fork. Through that time Benedict and Alethia Spalding taught their children the practice of their religion. Night and morning the household recited prayers together. In Lent and Advent they recited the Rosary every night. On Sundays they said in common the prayers of the Mass. They read, over and over, the pious books brought from Maryland. When, at last, log churches began to rise in the settlements, the Spaldings traveled on horseback, sometimes as far as 30 miles, to hear Mass; and they were the first to help Father Fournier build a church on the Fork on the site that was to become, in time, the Convent of Loretine Sisters.

Even when she grew old, Alethia Spalding supervised the religious training of her grandchildren. Sometimes, on Sundays, when there was no service

at the Fork, she mounted her little gray mare and led her seven motherless grandchildren to Mass at Lebanon. Neither she nor her husband lived to see the results of their Christian training of their family; but American Catholic history will long remember that result. For Martin and Benedict and two of Richard's sons entered the priesthood, Martin to become, in time, the archbishop of Baltimore, and one of Richard's sons, Bishop John Lancaster Spalding of Peoria.

Alethia Spalding never knew the harvest of her sowing; but all her community knew the goodness of her life and gave testimony when she died to echo the declaration of Father Stephen Badin, that intrepid pioneer of the frontier. "Most certainly," that great old man insisted, "she is in that special heaven which is the reward of the mothers of Israel."

This American family is a type. It is typical of many of the pioneer Catholic families who contributed such a generous share to the building of our country. Its story reminds one forcefully of the words of the Book of Ruth, "Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go; and where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. The land that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die, and there will I be buried."

Often, in fact, have those words been put into the mouths of the courageous

and valiant women, wives of pioneers, who stood ready to sacrifice the pleasant association of relatives and friends at home, and go forth with their husbands in rude covered wagons to build a new civilization ever farther and farther west.

They, quite as much as their pioneer husbands, were made of stern stuff. They possessed courageous wills. They knew and revered the hardy virtues. They faced unflinchingly the dangers of the journey and of the new life in the wilderness. In spite of all difficul-

ties and dangers they kept on. And as they built their homes in the West these homes were made of the same sterling qualities. They were based on sacrifice and self-discipline. They were characterized by a sense of duty and the acceptance of responsibility. Very commonly they were deeply religious. They were blessed with children. They were schools of life. They were strongly, firmly united. Little wonder that with such homes, built by such people, the youthful nation prospered and grew strong.



The Wiles of the Young

Bishop Francis Clement Kelley tells in his charming book, *The Bishop Jots It Down*, how, when he was a young priest in Detroit, he made use of the intellectual talents and encyclopedic knowledge of an older priest, Dr. Charles Ormond Reilly. Gifted with a marvelously retentive memory, the latter could quote page after page from any book he had studied.

The learned doctor was impatient of contradiction. When the then young Father Kelley had a sermon to prepare for any special occasion, he would obtain his needed data and sources of information in an easy but roundabout way from the learned old man. He knew he would not receive it by the direct route. So, assuming a suspicious or contradictory attitude, he would make some absurd statement that would immediately arouse the old priest. Dr. Reilly would roar indignantly at the ignorance of his younger companion and would then storm up and down the room for half an hour at a time, shaking his finger vehemently and delivering exactly what the young Father Kelley sought: a veritable treatise on the subject he was eager to study.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (Dec. '40).

The Yankees' Pride and Joy

He lifts 'em high and far

By DOROTHY E. SANGSTER

Condensed from *Catholic Youth**

"All you can do is wish and swing." Joe DiMaggio speaking, the \$35,000-a-year outfielder of the New York Yankees. And Joe ought to know.

In 1915, from off San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf, Papa DiMaggio hastily rowed in to shore from a fishing trip to take a look at his 8th youngster, Paul Joseph, Jr. Little did he know that this son was to bring fame and fortune to the DiMaggios, to earn \$250,000 in seven years of professional baseball and to be known all over America and the world as "The Yankee Clipper."

Close by Fisherman's Wharf was the place called Telegraph Hill. The youngest DiMaggio was in good company right from the start. Lefty O'Doull taught him the science of wrist motion, swing and timing, but young Joe did the rest himself. Natural skill and plenty of practice. He could hit fast ones from the time he played ball out on the back lot down home.

Being in professional baseball season after season is no picnic. Twenty-four-year-old Joe works hard. Up at 8 o'clock every day, he spends the morning attending to business. He handles all his own affairs and does some endorsing on the side. He answers his fan mail himself. Thousands of letters

pour in to DiMaggio; hundreds of people try to see him. "To see Joe DiMaggio," they say in New York, "is about the same as trying to get inside 10 Downing St."

Dubbed the successor to Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, the young DiMaggio is good! He is a right-hand batter, with a free stance and perfect timing and coordination. His sloped shoulders and long arms possess a terrific drive that keeps the opposing team on the run all over the field. "Get someone to pitch them to you until you get them," Joe says to eager would-be baseball stars. "Get them curved and get them straight. Not too much practice, but enough, so that you're getting them O. K."

Just as important as a baseball player's hands and eyes are his feet. Joe takes good care of his, looking them over carefully every day; keeping on hand about eight pairs of good, comfortable shoes. His feet are in splendid shape.

Unfortunately, his knees are not. In an early 1940 exhibition game, Joe injured his knee. The doctor ordered him to rest it until it was healed. A knee injury is bad news to a ball player: "pigskin knee," they call it, "gimp knee," or "trigger leg." The

*67 Bond St., Toronto, 2, Ont., Canada. December, 1940.

Yankees were pretty well disrupted by Joe's hurt, couldn't get started on time. Said the AP: "The Yankees have missed Joe DiMaggio sorely, and some critics are satisfied they won't win a 5th straight flag without plenty of help from him."

For the Yankees to be disrupted is really something. Joe attributes their amazing success in professional baseball to "organization, just organization, from the top down to the bottom, from the manager down to the bat boy." The Yankees come onto the field to the sound of bells, leave it to the sound of bells, practice in rotation, like a set of robots newly wound up.

Apart from his baseball, Joe has two important interests: his fishing and his restaurant. On the blue waters of Fisherman's Wharf, where Joe, Sr. still fishes (from choice, now, rather than necessity) you can often get a glimpse of his famous son. Six feet, two, sunburned Joe, Jr. loves his fishing. "New York is O. K., but give me San Francisco two to one, or make it more," he says. San Francisco is home, where

"the gang" is; where Papa and Mama DiMaggio and the other seven DiMaggio children still live. And San Francisco is where brother Tom manages the DiMaggio restaurant that Joe bought with his savings. "One hundred grand and every cent of it from baseball," Joe boasts. "If you can buy a restaurant with a 62½-foot frontage, 137 feet deep, with your earnings, that's good." Joe is proud of it, proud of the food it serves and proud of Tom who runs it.

Joe married recently and seems to be happy about the whole thing. The bride was a Miss Arnold, a resident of Minnesota. The "Yankee Clipper" should make just as good a husband as he is a ballplayer.

The idol of the ball diamond doesn't agree with the man who says, "All things come to him who waits." Maybe Joe feels that the only things that come to the man who waits are whisks, long fingernails and the undertaker. For Joe says the secret of success simply is, "Work and practice. Wish and swing."



Achilles and Hector

A question at the Oxford Homer examination: "Who dragged whom how many times around the walls of what?"



Nave

Bishop Manning likes to tell this: A boy who visited the Cathedral of St. John the Divine wrote home enthusiastically, "This cathedral has a bigger knave in it than St. Peter's."

The Churchman.

Martyrdom Unconsummated

Always ready

By HUGH P. KIERANS, S.J.

Condensed from the *Martyrs' Shrine Message**

Father Joseph Bressani stood against the window seat and looked down upon the market place of Macerata. Gay, colorful Macerata; medieval, tiny and thoughtless. It was odd, the priest was thinking, that he should have to come back to live (or rather, to die) in this frivolous little town, when *They* had died out there in America! *Fiat voluntas tua!* He felt the irony of the name: Macerata! Almost involuntarily, he brought up his hands. But it was no trick of light that made the line of his fingers jagged and torn. The fingertips, for the most part, were gone; greater gaps, almost as deep as the hand itself, showed where a whole finger once had been. They were horribly mangled, pitted and scarred, literally chewed off! The old priest, however, could not see the horror of his hands. They were the last glorious remnants of his missionary life; sacred relics, as it were, of an infinitely satisfactory past.

He turned back to his desk, upon which lay his precious book. It was *his* book, about what he had seen out there. People believed that *They* had failed, or rather, that the whole experiment among the Indians around Georgian Bay had failed. Now they would know the real story: in a wilder-

ness, for a brief space, men had lived like angels, Christ had been served there, in a pagan land, as He had been served by the first Christians.

The Jesuit martyrs all were here, in his book; and his own career in New France, but anonymously. He had traced out the path of each soul, carefully throwing into relief the distinguishing marks of each. The only life apparently without a key was his own.

He searched his early life, perplexedly. Francesco Giuseppe Bressani, born in Rome, had entered the Society of Jesus at the age of 15; without, he said to himself, any special sense of a "mission," nor any premonition of a great destiny. He eventually taught with great success. He was willing and versatile. Still, if he had begged his superiors to let him go to Canada, it was not through any desire of martyrdom, but simply, as he told his fellow religious at the time, "I know they need men. I am strong and ready to go."

Father Bressani was fingering the pages of his book: "A year in Quebec with the French. A year among the Algonquins around Three Rivers. Then, April 27, 1644."

He was reading more continuously now: "Twenty or 30 miles from Fort

**Martyrs' Shrine, Fort Ste. Marie, Midland, Ont., Canada. December, 1940.*

Richelieu we surprised a party of 400 Iroquois, a fishing expedition. The torture began. Those who had captured me stripped me to the skin, and marched me along ahead of themselves. The young men of the other party formed into two long lines. The prisoners were to walk between. The first man to meet me seized my left hand, and slashed it with a knife. The others beat me with clubs as I lurched through them. At the far end was a raised platform, upon which I was exposed to the abuse and blows of little children.

"For one whole month, these cruelties continued. Whenever we came to a new village, the reception was always the same. During the night, I was stretched on the ground, naked, and fixed by cords and stakes. For six or seven nights, what I suffered was too shameful to repeat.

"Under this treatment, I became so repulsive that the Indians avoided me and drew near only to torment me anew. I was one mass of vermin. Worms were breeding in my sores.

"At last came June 19, the day which I believed was to be my last. I had still the liveliest horror of fire. I begged them to let me die by some other means. The first man to leave the

council told me that I was not to die at all. I was given to an old woman, to be adopted by her. The old squaw sold me to the Dutch of Fort Orange."

Father Bressani put down the book, unimpressed. Though his sufferings had been as great as any of the martyrdoms in the Huron Mission, he could see nothing heroic in them except fidelity to a plain duty. He was then the same Bressani he had always been. He returned quietly to his work at Quebec, and soon was sent to Huronia where he lived in that angelic company, lay and religious, gathered at Fort Ste. Marie. At Quebec, in 1650, he resumed his usual duties.

Father Bressani allowed his *Journal des RR. PP. Jésuites* to slip from his fingers. "To be always ready," he was whispering to himself. "Well, *that* was something." Perhaps this perpetual readiness was, after all, the explanation of his whole life, the Christmas sermons, the unconsummated martyrdom, these hurt hands.

The old priest moved serenely to the window, and after a brief look at the darkening square below, closed the shutters. A bell rang somewhere in the house, and suddenly the priest was gone. His book lay on the desk, half-open.

The greatest of all temperance workers was Father Theobald Mathew who, between 1838 and 1841, was able to reduce the yearly consumption of liquor in Ireland by more than half by getting 4,700,000 drinkers to sign a pledge of abstinence.

Margaret Hegarty in *Colliers* (30 Nov. '40).

The Christ Child Society

The uncrippled heart

By MARILU COLBERT

Condensed from the *Catholic Woman's World**

"Oooh, Mammy! Lookit what ah got! The Christ Child Hissself done 'membah'd me special. Ain't she a bee-yooty!"

A very small and very excited colored boy was dancing jigs around a shiny red wagon. The time was Christmas Day in the year 1886; the scene was the interior of an humble Negro cabin, poverty easily apparent in the scanty, decrepit furniture, the cardboard patch over the broken windowpane, and the nearly bare shelves around the section of the room which served as the kitchen.

A very little girl sat on the floor holding a doll, speechless in her delight. Tenderly, yet fiercely, she clung to her gorgeous possession, a real china doll whose complexion and painted hair gleamed in the reflection of the warming fire from the stove. A large, pleasant-faced Negro woman stopped her busy preparations for this day's very special meal and watched. Her glance traveled from the exuberant, bouncing little boy with his wagon to the small girl on the floor.

Behind this transformation from a scene of everyday darkness to a day of shining happiness was a delicate young girl whose personal misfortune had in no way weakened her zeal for helping others. Injured by a fall in her child-

hood, she was forced to lie abed day after day, knowing that she could never walk again.

Besides keeping a watchful eye over several younger children, for shortly after she was hurt both her parents had died, she managed to find time for charity. Recognizing the great need for apparel for the infants of impoverished families, she began making layettes. It was the small colored boy, hired to deliver these parcels, who was the indirect inspiration for the Christmas idea. When she asked him what he was going to get for Christmas, the boy shifted his feet unhappily and replied that nothing ever happened at his house on Christmas. The young girl thought a moment.

"Why don't you write a letter to the Christ Child?" she suggested. "It's His birthday, you know, and His birthday is for giving." It had far-reaching effect.

The little Negro hurried off to scrawl a magnificent epistle of wants. He also spread the news among his friends, and several pathetic little missives poured in that year, addressed to "The Christ Child." The assistance of friends and relatives was essential. Everyone went to work. As a result there were many impoverished homes made merry, many scenes similar to that in the little cabin

*Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. December, 1940.

and its happy inmates on that Christmas Day in 1886. That was the beginning.

From it Mary Virginia Merrick began to organize the Christ Child Society. Realizing the great need for recreation and health work in Washington, D. C., Miss Merrick called for the assistance of her friends and took over the leadership of a project that was soon to be the great work of her life. In the beginning, the Christ Child Society work was administered from an old residence on Indiana Ave., reaching out to all the scattered poorer areas of the city. The present Settlement House, located in the northeast section of the city, was formally opened in 1932 and completed in 1935. Miss Anna J. Keady, the executive secretary, resides in the house and has a staff of ten, four of whom are "in residence and on call to lend aid to our neighbors through a 24-hour day." Under capable supervision, children from kindergarten age up to young girls and boys in the 20's are instructed in handicrafts, games and good citizenship.

The layette committee is the largest and oldest committee of the society. The members outfit infants of the poor with bundles containing hygienic toilet articles and a book on infant care. At first, the members also clothed school-age children but later they concentrated on infants' apparel. The committee now has some 200 members whose combined energy takes care of

many babies who would otherwise suffer from improper care.

The committee on visiting is the society's vanguard. The visitors go into the homes of the children, discover their needs, and direct the family to assistance.

The rear half of the Settlement House has its own entrance and is known as the Merrick Boys' Club, a highly esteemed organization in Washington circles. Under the direction of youthful, dynamic Tom Gearty, some 850 boys from seven to 17 years of age are assisted toward health and better citizenship. These lads, many of whom might otherwise become entangled with the juvenile court, are lured off the streets by a new, well-equipped gymnasium and a competent staff of college-trained instructors in crafts and athletics. Membership in the club is easily gained; the annual dues are 75c, so low that even boys from the most poverty-stricken homes can be eligible. When all of the pin money a schoolboy might earn is needed at home, "working scholarships" are given to those desiring admission. According to Mr. Gearty, "We want to reach out and help those most in the need of aid, so any financial barrier would be ridiculous. The only tragedy lies in the fact that lack of room prevents us from taking in all the boys we see on the streets." Yet the club manages to take care of an amazing number of youngsters. The doors of the club are open

all day in the summer and after school hours until 10 o'clock in the winter. That athletics receive adequate direction is immediately evident in the impressive array of trophies collected in basketball, football and boxing. The club has a spacious summer camp, the Merrick Boys' Camp, in southern Maryland. This is supported by some 50 Catholic businessmen who became interested through the efforts of Miss Merrick.

The girls have been a little less fortunate. An attempt has been made every year to afford them a summer camp of sorts. The accomplishment of the project has been due more to courage than financial support. When there are so many worthy branches springing from one tree and all in need of nourishment, it is only natural that some should suffer. It has not yet been possible to purchase a site for a camp for girls or to run through a season without incurring debt. But gallant, indeed, are the ladies of the society in charge of summering the small girls. By dint of sacrifice and prayer, they have done an excellent job of injecting two weeks of fresh air and health into the lives of many underprivileged girls.

The Colored Members Auxiliary is headed by Mrs. Addy Spriggs and is operated from her residence in Washington. In 1913 this group was organized at its own request to serve as an auxiliary committee to the board of managers. They clothed their own

needy children and visited the patients at Freedman's Hospital. In 1926 the group purchased a site in Bel Alton, Md., to be used as a camp for undernourished children. Here, too, the small unfortunates are sent for two weeks into fresh air and sunshine.

Although it is difficult to select the "pet project" of one whose charitable instincts find so many worthy outlets and whose energy pilots each individual enterprise toward success, it is safe to guess that the Christ Child Convalescent Home probably claims the warmest spot in Miss Merrick's heart. You can easily understand why after a single visit to the Home. Little heads bob over the line of beds on the second-story sun porch and little hands wave down an eager greeting. Children running through the yard and tripping up and down the stairs within smile at you with warm friendliness. The nickname, "Happy House," is decidedly no misnomer. As you go upstairs to visit the bed patients, you prepare yourself for signs of suffering, being already acquainted with some of the tragic case histories. Instead, you find a small boy with tousled head who grins his "hello" and immediately launches into an explanation of the war he is waging with toy guns in trenches made in the bedspread. Next to him lies a little girl so pitifully thin that she seems more like a little spider than a human being. She shyly offers the information that her name is Nancy and that there are

three other Nancys there, but that she is the smallest Nancy.

The home, also called the Fresh Air Farm, is situated on 20 acres near Rockville, Md. This is real country, with unpolluted air and rolling vistas. The farm grows its own vegetables and produces its own milk and eggs, so the children have the additional benefit of excellent food. All special diets are carefully supervised; the diabetic patients, for instance, receive individual attention. There are registered nurses to give the children specialized care, a chief medical consultant, and an attending physician. On the staff is a recreational director to supervise play and occupational therapy.

With the utmost sincerity, Miss Merrick believes that "in the aid of children nothing one can do is too much," which seems to be the unwritten code of the Christ Child Society.

Although such work is never adequately rewarded on this earth, Miss Merrick has received some recognition for her services to mankind. In 1915 she was awarded the Laetare Medal by Notre Dame University, given to the outstanding lay Catholic of the year; in 1932 she received the Cosmopolitan Medal, a token of respect for unselfish service in the District of Columbia; in 1936 she was given the Siena Medal, an award made annually to some outstanding Catholic woman by Siena College, Memphis, Tenn. The medal bore the appropriate words of St. Cath-

erine of Siena, "Nothing great is ever done without much enduring"; as a further honor, in 1937 she received the medal of the pope for distinguished service in charity work.

More important than these medals or any written tribute is the reward that shines out of the grateful eyes of a small child who has been helped. Miss Merrick's visits to the children of the Convalescent Home are times of great excitement and joy, the little ones crowding around their beloved friend.

On Dec. 24, 1939, came the tribute of tributes. It was a beautiful white Christmas Eve, and Miss Merrick was sitting by the window watching the flakes twirl gently downward. Suddenly from the street below came the lovely strains of a Christmas carol. Looking down, she saw a group of children from the Settlement House who had traveled all the way to her home in Chevy Chase to serenade their friend. Perhaps her thoughts drifted back to that first Christmas of 1886 when the Christ Child Society was born, and probably her musings wandered through the years, punctuated by other Christmases, accompanying the growth and development of the society. There are no boundaries for accomplishments motivated by the love of the Christ Child. Therefore, in this love, much has already been done. And in this same love much will yet be done. For this is a work without an end, inspired by a devotion without a limit.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Lemcke, Peter Henry. *Life and Work of Prince Demetrius Augustine Galitzin*. New York: Longmans. 320 pp. \$2.50.

Vital portrait of the converted Russian aristocrat whose untiring work earned him the title, "Apostle of the Alleghenies." The author was his missionary companion.

Belloc, Hilaire. *The Silence of the Sea*. New York: Sheed. 253 pp. \$2.50.

Delightfully mellow treasury of essays on varied subjects by the great English essayist.

Rankin, Charles. *The Pope Speaks*. New York: Harcourt. 337 pp. \$3.75.

Compilation of Pope Pius XII's papal messages from March 3, 1939, to Sept. 4, 1940, prefaced by a lengthy account of *Pius the Man and His Efforts for Peace*.

Sheed, F. J. *Sidelights on the Catholic Revival*. N. Y. C.: Sheed. 192 pp. \$1.25.

Eighty articles from *This Publishing Business*, dealing with the chief men and tendencies of the Catholic literary movement.

Margaret, Helene. *Father De Smet*. New York: Farrar. 371 pp. \$3.

Dramatic biography of an amazing pioneer whom the Indians loved as no other man.

Maynard, Theodore. *Queen Elizabeth*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 398 pp. \$4.

Brilliant discussion of the real character of Elizabeth and the forces at work destroying Catholicism in England during her reign.

Schulte, Paul, O.M.I. *The Flying Priest Over the Arctic*. New York: Harper. 267 pp. \$2.75.

Thrilling story by the heroic missionary of his experiences.

Wilbur, Russell. *Essays and Verses*. New York: Sheed. 129 pp. \$1.75.

A collection varied in subject matter and style, and permeated with a thought-provoking Catholic philosophy.

Maritain, Jacques. *Scholasticism and Politics*. N. Y. C.: Macmillan. 248 pp. \$2.50.

Discusses human personality, meaning of freedom, and place of Christianity in civilization; gives the Catholic position on world politics.

Schmeidler, Edgar, O.S.B. *The Sacred Bond*. N. Y. C.: Kenedy. 128 pp. \$1.35.

Eight well-written sermons, giving the Catholic view on marriage and its relation to the family, based on the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI.